INTERNATIONAL club

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LINZI'S BATH NIGHT OFFENDS LABOUR COUNCILLOR

SIX GIRLS IN A PILLOW FIGHT

LUCKY BREAK FOR A NAKED NURSE

BLOTT ON THE LANDSCAPE:
"I will not have my picture in THAT magazine" says JULIA MACKENZIE

WHAT THE PRINCE OF WALES SAID WHEN HE MET 'LORD CHARLES'

Club International (UK) - Volume 15 Number 1, 1986

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READERS WRITES

Readers wishing to contribute should write to Readers' Writes, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE

Mum's The One

I have enjoyed your magazine for some time now, especially the *Readers' Writes* section – even though I have been sceptical of some of the stories. But an experience I had the other day has put paid to my doubts . . .

I went to London last week to stay with an old school friend who recently moved down there. When I arrived at his house, I was greeted by his mother, Maureen, who explained Mike had been held up at work and wouldn't be back for at least three hours.

She showed me into the living room and I sat down on the sofa while she fixed us both a drink. She sat next to me, and we began to make polite conversation. This wasn't easy for me, as my throbbing erection was putting me in some discomfort.

My erect state was caused by the sight of Maureen, who was wearing a very short skirt and a baggy T-shirt, allowing me full view of her bra-less tits when she bent down.

Maureen, who is in her 40s, looks about only 25 or 30. She has curly, shoulder-length, light brown hair; a small but firm pair of tits and an absolutely amazing pair of legs.

Anyway, we chatted about this and that, but Maureen dropped subtle, sexy comments into the conversation every now and then, making my erection even more conspicuous and even more embarrassing. However, the conversation continued on its way until Maureen suddenly said: 'I want you to make mad, passionate, erotic love to me. I want you to fuck me so hard, I won't be able to walk.'

She then leaned over and planted a long, deep kiss on my mouth with her gorgeous, luscious, pouting lips. At the same time, she undid the buttons on my shirt and slipped it off my back. She then put her hand down my trousers and began to wank my throbbing tool.

Then, when I had my trousers and pants off, she stood before me and took off her clothes in a performance that any professional stripper would have been proud of. She then took my cock in her mouth, sucking, kissing and licking it to orgasm. At the same time, I played with and licked her beautiful cunt until she, too, orgasmed.

After I had come she licked my member until it was erect again and guided it into her beautiful love box. She groaned and moaned in ecstasy as I screwed her – gently at first, then harder and harder. She was crying out: 'Fuck me, fuck me! Oh, yes – that's good . . . oh, yes! Harder, harder! Oh, more! Fuck me . . . oh, yes!'

As I pumped away with increasing vigour, I retorted: 'You fucking whore – shut up! You're just a slut, aren't you? All you want is a cock up your cunt, isn't it? Go on; admit it to me.'

I fucked her so good and hard, she walked around bow-legged for the next few days.

However, I really must go back and visit Mike again, as not only did I screw his mum, I had his sister twice, too. She really was a tart – a ridiculously easy lay, and not half as much fun as her mum.

Oh well – you win some, you lose some. *ND, Manchester*

Pamela – simply the best-looking girl Steve has ever seen

Pam Is Best

Congratulations on the excellent pictures of Pamela (Vol 14 No 10). I've been buying your magazine for years now, and I've seen some gorgeous girls, but Pamela takes the cake – she is simply the best-looking girl I have ever seen.

I'd just love to put her wet knickers in my mouth and suck her arse and pussy. And those sexy tits of hers turn me on something terrible. I had to buy four copies of your magazine because I couldn't stop wanking over them.

The thing that *really* got me going was her feet – how I'd love to suck her white socks and come all over her tootsies. A good, doggy-style fuck wouldn't go amiss, either.

I have the magazine open at the pictures of Pamela while I'm writing this letter, and I'm about to have a good wank. Let's see more pictures of sexy Pam, please! *Steve, Birmingham*

Three In A Tub

As an occasional reader of Club International, I have to say that Volume 14 Number 10 was an outstanding issue in general, but that the pictures of Emma were particularly mind-blowing.

As well as being probably the sexiest girl I've ever seen in any girlie mag, the pictures were special for another reason – the pool she's posing in. Both my girlfriend, Lorraine, and I are practically obsessed with getting it away in a Jacuzzi; so much so, I extended my mortgage when I bought my flat so I could have one fitted.

And seeing Emma showing

A bubbly invitation goes out to Emma

off her fantastic features while having a dip was a real thrill – in fact, it still is. I can think of nothing I would like more than for Emma to come round and join Lorraine and me in our Jacuzzi, as there's certainly room enough for three. So if you want to take me up on that offer, Emma, here's what you could expect:

Firstly, the three of us strip naked and climb in the tub. We then set the water to be just as bubbly as we want it and relax for five minutes, making sure we're all nice and wet from the head down.

I'm sitting in the middle, of course. I have my arms around both of you, groping your tits. I'm paying particular attention to yours on this occasion, because they are much bigger than Lorraine's. Mind you, her nipples swell up like thumbnails quicker than any it's been my pleasure to feel before.

You're both sitting so that the effervescence of the bubbles is stimulating your cunts. What with that, and having your tits rubbed by me, you're both feeling randy as hell. One of you rubs my balls while the other makes sure I'm standing to attention. That's always a formality.

Lorraine leaves her perch and comes and sits on me. We kiss like mad. I give her wet cunt a good, hard rub before sticking two, maybe three, fingers in. Once she's worked up, she pulls my hand away and impales herself on my cock. She bounces up and down on top of me until she comes.

Instead of me carrying on until I orgasm, too, I withdraw my weapon and turn my attention to you, Emma. If anyone was made for fucking doggy-style, it was you, so I get you to go on your hands and knees in the middle of the tub. I can see the bubbling water playing games with your pussy, just like in the Club International pictures.

I get into position behind you. I spend a bit of time just playing with your tits, but you're becoming impatient; you reach behind and grab my cock to remind me what you *really* want.

As I try to ease into you, I'm surprised to find your fanny is tighter than I'd imagined, and you gasp out loud as I push my eight inches all the way in. You're gripping me like a vice, and the feeling is fantastic. I normally have good staying power, but you're playing games with me with your cunt muscles and I can't stand it any more. As I climax, your arms give way, and we splash under the water.

Lorraine has been watching all this, fingering herself until she comes as well. But, so quick was I in shooting my load, you haven't had an orgasm yet. So I sit you on the side of the Jacuzzi, with only your legs in the water, and go to work in between your legs with my tongue. This gets me worked up again in record time, so I'm able to give you a good old straightforward fuck on the bathroom floor. This time, we both come together, and I collapse on top of your wet, glistening breast.

Now this is *my* fantasy, so I can end it how I like. What happens is that you enjoyed your Jacuzzi session so much, you decide to come and live with Lorraine and I. What Lorraine will have to say about this is another matter, but that doesn't come into my fantasy.

Brett, Fleetwood

Party Games

My experience began when my girlfriend and I accepted an invitation to a friend's pyjama party. I have to admit we were a bit apprehensive beforehand, because we didn't know the people all that well.

Mandy (my girlfriend) has a lovely figure and tremendous juicy thighs which I have often run my tongue up. She was wearing a skimpy, see-through dress; her rosy nipples and furry cunt were just showing as I rang the doorbell. I could see she was a bit worried, so I quickly ran my hand up between her legs and gave her love box a quick fondle just to let her know I was behind her all the way. As I took my hand away, I noticed how damp she was.

The man who opened the door was not our friend. He was wearing a pair of shorts and was fairly well-built and tanned. Mandy seemed to notice something I hadn't: I followed her eyes down to his chunky prick, which was hanging out.

We followed him in, and, as soon as he had closed the door, we realized just what sort of party this was. He already had his hand up Mandy's dress, and, feeling the dampness, he winked at me.

I winked to Mandy, and decided to chase up some pussy for myself. And, I can promise you, I had some ups and downs that night!

Eventually, I crashed out on the sofa after almost drowning in love juices. It wasn't long before I felt something warm and clammy moving over my prick. I looked down to see Mandy licking and sucking my cock like a long-lost lollipop. She was stark-naked and had dry spunk encrusted on her thighs and face. She looked up at me. Straight away, my prick shot up to full size. I just had to have her.

Mandy got down on all fours, but then rested her head on the floor, sticking her buttocks way up in the air and giving me a full view of her oozing pussy. I moved in behind her and shoved my prick into her bright pink pussy as hard as I could.

She let out a moan of excitement, and then began to move her buttocks rhythmically to my in-and-out thrusts. I leaned forward, grabbing a tit in each hand, and started to pound away into Mandy.

During all this, a man had come up to watch us, and his prick had grown like a barge pole. I indicated him to stick it in Mandy's mouth. He placed himself on the floor in front of her mouth, and she instinctively

VIBES by Tony Neat

Greedy cow! Your eyes are bigger than your belly!

READERS WRITES

grabbed hold of his cock. She began to suck for all she was worth. Within minutes, all three of us had had the biggest orgasm of our lives, and we tumbled about the floor in a mangled heap.

Needless to say, Mandy and I have been back many times to our friend's pyjama parties for a good time. The funny thing is – we still don't know anyone's name except our own.

Mike, Suffolk

Holiday Humping

My friend, Chris, and I have recently come back from a holiday in Majorca, where we had some finger-lickin' good bed scenes with two beautiful girls whom we met there and very quickly became acquainted with.

Sexy Sylvia was a medium-sized brunette with the most gorgeous arse Chris and I had ever seen. Lyn was a tall, slender blonde with a gorgeous pair of tanned 36-inch C-cup breasts which she loved showing off in the sun.

We met the girls at a night club, where we asked them if they wanted a drink, and if they wanted to come back to our room. They both accepted willingly.

No sooner had we got them back to our apartment than Chris, being a randy bastard, had slipped down his fly and pulled out his eight-inch knob. Sylvia's eyes lit up at the sight of his hugeness.

Almost at once, she sank to her knees and began to give Chris the most sensational blow job he had ever had. My knob became erect at this sight and I glanced at Lyn, who had already begun undoing her blouse.

I moved nearer to give her a helping hand. I slipped my hands around the back of her and undid her bra. Her enormous tits almost knocked me out as they bounced out of her bra. I licked my lips at the sight of her big, oval-shaped nipples and began to suck on them as hard as I could, while at the same time undoing her skirt. Her nipples became erect like champagne corks, and slowly I lowered myself on to my knees.

I yanked her skirt and panties down, then started to kiss her pubic bush and lick the inside of her thighs. I then thrust my tongue into her juicy cunt, and her clitoris – which extended to nearly an inch long. In no time at all, I was absorbing all her come.

I turned round to see how Chris was getting on: he was well on his way. He had Sylvia's thighs spread wide apart, and was thrusting his prick in and out of her.

Chris soon shot his load and removed his knob. He lay back on his bed, exhausted. Not being able to resist Sylvia's gorgeous arse any longer, I stopped screwing Lyn and crawled over to Sylvia. I began sucking on her buttocks like I had alway dreamed of doing.

I sucked on the cheeks of her bum until my lips hurt from the suction. Chris soon got over his exhaustion, moved over to Lyn, and began to lick her labia.

That night, we had a mass orgy and shot our load several times deep into both of them. By three in the morning we were totally exhausted; we fell back on the bed and promptly fell into a blissful sleep.

John, W Yorkshire

The Club Event *girls gain yet another lust-filled lan*

Eventful

I agree with Jim of Wakefield (Vol 14 No 7) that *Club Event* is an excellent feature. To see female full-frontals *en masse* is incredibly erotic, and this item has converted me to an enthusiastic buyer of your magazine.

Dave, Reading

Risky Business

As a visitor to your country, I found your magazine quite interesting, especially Vol14 No8.

I'm a 36-year-old male who especially loves to see an attractive woman with nice legs, wearing stockings and high-heel shoes with four-inch heels. In my opinion, a woman dressed like this looks more attractive and more appealing to the male eye.

I have a wonderful and loving girlfriend called Stacy, a shapely 28-year-old brunette with fantastic legs. She loves me very much, and she loves pleasing me.

Stacy always wears tights when she goes to work, but, whenever she and I go out, she wears a lacy garter belt (you call them suspenders), suntan- or grey-coloured stockings and black, high-heeled shoes.

Seeing the pictures of shapely Eleanor (Vol 14 No 8) gave me an idea. Stacy is a secretary for a major insurance company, so why not have my own private pictures of Stacy posing in her office, just like Eleanor?

As I discussed it with Stacy, I showed her the pictures of Eleanor from your magazine. Being a lover of anything a bit risky, she agreed to do it. I told her what I wanted her to wear.

continued on page 89

Gi

MAGGIE

If Hollywood Wives took to turning tricks, or if the Dallasty dames dropped 'em, I fancy they'd look a lot like Maggie here: elegantly coiffured, sumptuously bejewelled, and bloody *wonderful* to behold in the altogether! Maggie, a 24-year-old native of San Antonio, Texas, is at a London drama school right now, not to learn the thespian ropes (that much she inherited from her mother, an off-Broadway actress of the 1940s and '50s) but to try to come to terms with the Queen's English, for a new TV soap opera starting in the States in March. It was nice to see, in our all-too-brief meeting at Club's studios, how this temporary host of Her Majesty enjoyed her work – a Stateside split-beaver model at her best: confident of her looks (from every angle imaginable), *far* from shy to act the slut with the photographer, ultimately to the extent of offering her superb physique in a mouthwatering progression of increasingly explicit poses that will most certainly NOT endear Maggie to her studio bosses back in the good old US of A. But that's Maggie's worry! **Endear yourself to Maggie on page 8.**

l Talk

KIM

You know, there comes a time when a good body (or a 'fantastic physique', depending on how enthusiastic/horny you happen to be feeling) doesn't count for a great deal. In this business, anyway. How many times, for example, has Club been guilty of featuring models with anything BUT good figures? So, from the neck down, Kim is just (yawn!) another smashing bod. And from the neck up? She's one in a million, with the sort of face that makes an impression. Like Joanna Lumley, Paula Yates, and other 'bright British blondes' whose looks exude IQ as well as sexiness. It's all the more strange, then, that this – her third appearance in Club – represents the first time for a while that Kim (at 24 years of age) has seen fit to turn her super-sophisticated beauty to financial advantage, for the working week of this ex-actress is spent, not at Shepperton Studios, but in the comparatively unglamorous environment of a West End advertising agency, of which she's a junior partner. Otherwise, Kim's a great clubgoer, a Porsche enthusiast, and the proud owner of six boyfriends; five more than the last time we talked to her. Yet she doesn't consider herself 'easy': 'I have to be treated very nicely indeed to be persuaded to stay the night.' 'Can I take your coat?' said our junior art assistant, holding open the door. Talk about a withering look. **See 'one in a million' Kim on page 24.**

ZOE

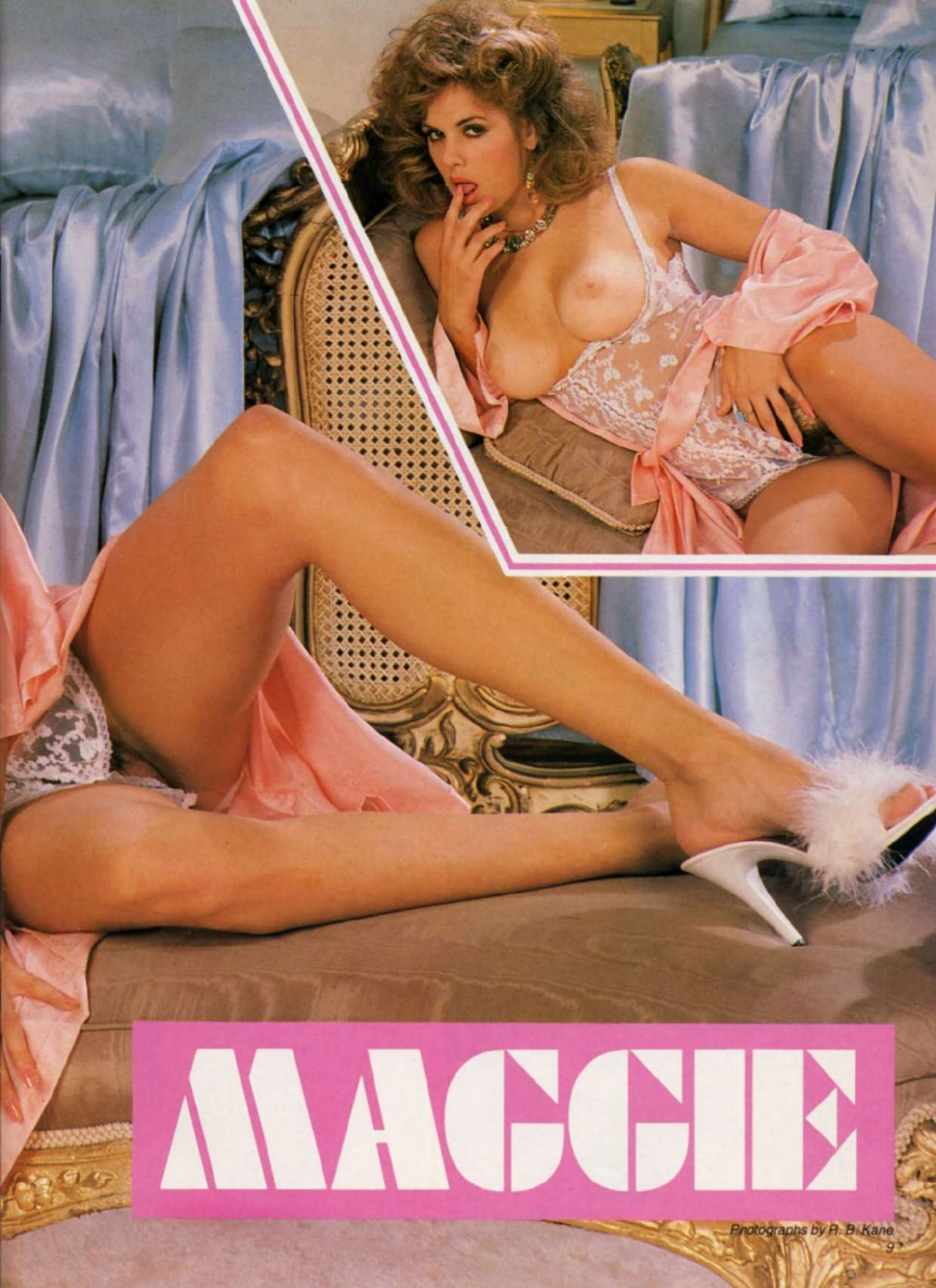
A gorgeous girl, an imaginative set! Our junior junior art assistant describes it as: 'Dan Dare visits the Reeperbahn' (well, what would YOU do with a camera and a top model? They can't ALL lie on beds with their legs open!). Little is known of Zoe's past; the number of 'O' levels, the real colour of her hair, or whether her father sells double glazing in Rickmansworth. Of the present, however, an awful lot is known: not so much the session for Club, but the session for a dodgy little A5 from Copenhagen, in the latest issue of which Zoe is to be seen Copen' (*please allow him his pathetic little pun – Ed.*) with two studs, one resembling a German tugboat captain, the other, Mr. T of A-Team fame. Both gents look like they're having, er, huge fun. Of the future, Zoe expresses a desire to rise above, to get places on her own initiative, without the need to fall back on boyfriends, many of whom have treated her with scant respect. 'One borrowed my savings and never came back, one found it erotically titillating to beat me up, and one left me for a fella!' Only trouble is, luv, in this line of work, men are never very far away . . . **Nor, for that matter, is page 36!**

TRUDY

What bloke doesn't come home from a fortnight on the piste with fond/fondling memories of his chalet girl? Trudi, our strapping (36-24-36) Austrian centrefold, is herself a former Verbier chalet girl, though having less-than-fond memories of the ski-mad Brits in her charge: 'All they want to do is drink themselves stupid on gluhwein, misbehave at dinner, and screw the chalet girls. Some of them even seem to think it's their right! And they're the most appalling skiers.' Its difficult to see what a lady with Trudi's looks has to complain about. After all, part of the deal of being blonde and beautiful is being hassled by chaps, and Trudi would do well to spare a thought for the less attractive ladies in this world who'd give anything to be hassled by some hunky, suntanned skier – even a British one! Unsurprisingly, Trudi's abandoned the sexual pitfalls of the piste for a life of glamour modelling. Her classic good looks mean she's in constant demand, and this busy 25-year-old Viennese beauty is booked until the end of '86 by way of proof. But she still finds plenty of time for men, and says her current boyfriend, Uli – a West German athlete – is the best lover she's ever had: 'Big where it counts.' Being the boyfriend of such a stunner, one presumes she's referring to his head . . . **Refer to page 44 and see what you think.**

YOKO

There'd be little point quoting Yoko's vital statistics. Like all Oriental girls, she's small and slender; in her particular case, compensating a somewhat boyish physique with extreme prettiness. Born in Bangkok of Japanese and Thai parents (with Filipino and Korean blood to add to the confusion), Yoko was more fortunate than many of her contemporaries in having a rich relative to pay for her education at university, and having achieved diplomas in Oriental Art and History of Art, now works on a consultancy basis for a British firm of fine art dealers. However, aside from these spectacular academic and professional accomplishments, Yoko is otherwise a shy, unassuming sort of lady with – incredible as it may seem – no regular boyfriends. You'd think one look at her stunning pics on page 77 would have prospective suitors ringing her up night and day – but they wouldn't get far. The hard-drinking, bottom-pinching brand of British chauvinist is not, by all accounts, her ideal type of man (sorry, folks!). Yoko, it transpires, goes for those lean, bespectacled, academic types, knowledgeable on all subjects from Burmese temple art to the mysteries of the orgasm. Is that all? There must be a million Club readers who fit the bill! **See if Yoko fits YOUR bill on page 77.**



MAGGIE

Photographs by R. B. Kane

LIFE WITH Linzi

LINZI DREW, one of the sexiest and most photographed models in the world, writes exclusively in *Club International* . . .

A little while ago in my column, I wrote my views on sport – or, rather, sportsmen – and I mentioned I'd never got lucky with any big, hunky rugger players, but that I would love to. So, this month, as I was visiting the delightful city of Bath, the kindly Ed set up a little training session for me at Bath Rugby Club with two of their top players. Unfortunately, I blew my chances and didn't score – although I had great fun trying.

These two guys were absolutely enormous: probably over six-foot-six tall with shoulders to match and lovely, thick, muscular legs that went all the way up to those firm, round bums. I had no kit, so one of the hunks lent me one of his spare shirts . . . a size 50-inch chest (no smart remarks, please). After scrounging the Editor's socks, which matched up very nicely with my trainers, we set off for a warm-up on the pitch, closely followed by Dave, the Club photographer, who was snapping away relentlessly.

Rather predictably, it was raining, but I thought: 'What the hell!' as we jogged around the pitch together, shaking bits of our bodies to limber up. I looked a bit like little piggy-in-the-middle with these two towering giants. I felt quite disgruntled when the three of us went into our scrum position, because the rugby boys called me a hooker! I cheered up once I realized that was just the name given to the manoeuvre I was supposed to carry out. As a hooker, I was a miserable failure, and nearly fell ass over tit, but two good, strong pairs of hands saved me delightfully.

Definitely the best move of the day was an illegal tackle (naughty, naughty!). This was achieved when one of the big hunks lifted me clean off the ground by my tight white shorts to enable me to catch a high ball. Fuck the *high* ball – if I'd have been a guy I'm pretty sure that lift would have severed a completely different ball! But being of the female gender, it gave me a lovely, warm cheap thrill. Can you imagine the crisp cotton pulled tightly across my pussy lips by a big, strong pair of arms? I was ready for action!

Unfortunately, my two strongmen had to hurry off to urgent appointments, leaving little old me high and dry. Actually, forget the dry; it was still pissing down with rain, and my throbbing puss was anything but dry! Are there any more rugby clubs out there???

Roman Baths

After returning the Ed's borrowed socks, to shut up his whingeings about his chilly feet, the Club team set off to explore the picturesque sights. I think I can speak for everyone when I say we were knackered. The rugby club had been the second stop of our busy day. Our first was the Roman baths, where I was being photographed at seven that morning. Now seven o'clock is all very well, but I *did* have to get up at five am to prepare myself!

Once I was there, I was so mesmerized with its beauty, I totally forgot how difficult it had been to open my eyes a couple of hours earlier. The ancient, crumbling pillars, swirling mists

and the bubbling, green waters into which I was dangling my big toe were reputed to be over 10,000 years old. It was also about the same temperature as your normal bath water. I was having a wonderful time posing around in the incredible setting. We only had an hour or so to take some snaps, as we didn't want the American and Japanese tourists – who would soon be flooding in – to see my naughty bits, did we?

Someone else who didn't see my naughty bits but who still got all flustered about my appearance at the Baths was a local Labour councillor, a certain Mr David Pearce. He reckoned the ruling Conservative council's decision to allow me to pose in the Baths was not only offensive to the architecture and heritage of the city, but also to its women.

And he even said: 'The way the council has got cheap publicity from this indicates the cheapness of some people who promote it. It is tatty and tasteless.'

Tatty and tasteless, eh? All I can say is that the Romans who gave Mr Pearce his Baths would have considered *his* remarks to be just that. After all, does he really think they went for a plunge covered from head to toe in a toga . . . ?

This one-hour time limit did cause us one or two other problems. The Roman Baths seemed to have dozens of cleaners who all wanted to clean the same bit of the baths that I was flashing it about in! Not only did they keep getting in the background of the picture, but their brooms all crashing into each other was distracting an artist at work. Either that, or Dave had the camera shakes (*Hang on a mo – he's used that excuse before – Ed.*).

So, after a hard morning's graft, we set off for a sedate wander around Bath's costume museum. For this excursion, I was to wear a pretty little period frock, in a delicate shade of peach. After a sneaky scramble to get into the dress in the back of a moving taxi we arrived at the Assembly Rooms, which houses the costume museum.

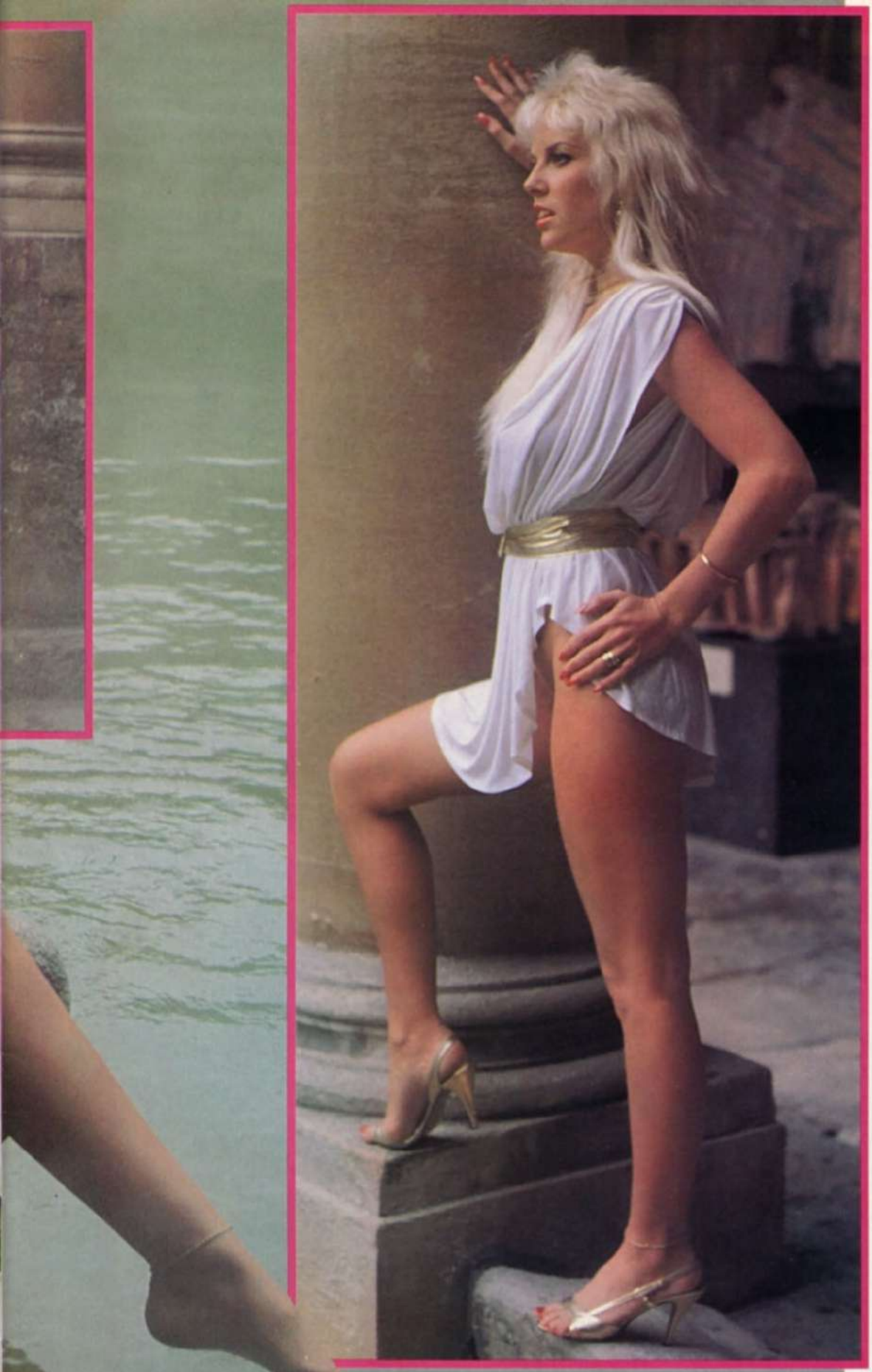
As I wandered around the ornate building, Dave was busily taking a few snaps of me browsing, but I was miles away, and feeling very naughty. You see, the night before, the Club team had all been staying at a rather posh hotel in the centre of Bath, and I'd had a very leary night screwing in my room, wearing the very same peach little number!

I'd met this guy in the hotel bar, and had invited him up to my room to watch the late-night

Photographs by Dave Antony

LIFE WITH

Linzi



movie. He was a well-dressed American businessman with a really sexy voice. Well, you know how the Americans simply adore nice British girls, so when I suggested a nightcap in my room, his tanned face grinned from ear to ear.

The thing about hotel rooms is that the biggest feature is the bed. So we sat down on it, nattering, and I switched on the TV set. Paul, my American beau, ordered some drinks from room service while I slipped off to the loo to freshen up. I was wearing a tight, peach-coloured T-shirt dress, white high heels and no underwear. I doused a little perfume on my cleavage and thighs, fluffed up my hair and emerged – hopefully looking dressed to kill. Paul was fiddling with my dress that was hanging up on the outside of the wardrobe.

'This is really something. Is this your dress?' he drawled in his deep, sexy voice.

'It's great, isn't it? But it's not mine – I'm posing in it for a few photographs tomorrow. I'm a model, you see.'

I think he did see, because his blue eyes lit up.

'Will you model it for me right now?' he asked, grinning.

'Sure will, partner!' I said, as I stood in front of him and stripped easily out of my dress.

When I was naked, I ran my hands over my tits; my nipples were tingling and beginning to swell. He sat on the bed ogling my naked form, which made me start to feel *really* horny.

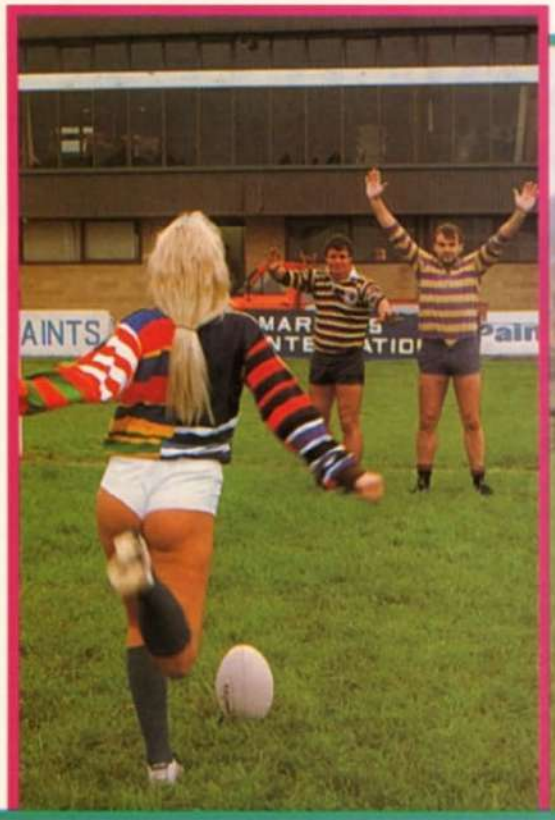
'Aren't you gonna help me?' I asked sweetly.

He struggled to his feet and hurriedly got the dress for me. As I lifted my leg to climb into it, his hand stroked my thigh and our eyes made that sort of contact that says: 'Yes Please!' As he zipped me into the dress, I could feel his bulging crotch pushing against my bottom. He started nibbling my ear, which tickled and made me giggle, as I fell down on to the bed. I temptingly lifted my skirt and his head disappeared beneath it to come to rest on my now very damp pussy.

He was still fully-dressed in his suit, which was becoming a little bedraggled by now. So, after he'd given my puss a good seeing-to, I undressed him and began to return the compliment. I *love* sucking cocks – yum, yum!

The late-night movie was completely forgotten as he entered me, his cock pounding in and out with my pussy gripping

LIFE WITH Linzi



him hard. We both came like crazy.

Crikey, was I hot! These period frocks weren't really designed for screwing. I wonder how all those ladies coped? Still, what the fuck? I took it off and snuggled up in bed starkers with Paul to try it without the dress. It was just as good the second time . . . and the third!

Back to work. We finished our photo session in the costume museum and great fun it was, too. I don't think anyone realized why I had been smiling so much.

Stretching Curve

The rest of the day was spent strolling around Bath. Of course, we had to visit the famous Royal Crescent, featuring magnificent 18th Century architecture: the curve stretches for more than 600 feet. I remember hearing something about it on the news recently, because one lady wanted to paint her front door yellow; she did, and the local council took out a court order to make her paint it black again. I rather like yellow. Obviously the council didn't!

To say goodbye to Bath, we had organized a special dinner that night to thank everybody involved with our visit. But, fellas, you'll be disappointed to hear that – once again – I didn't score. I was too bloody tired. A five o'clock wake-up call, when you've been hard at it for most of the night, is not recommended!

Back to the hustle and bustle of London (although I think Bath suffers from even worse traffic jams then here in the Capital) and to work for an illustration company in the West End. I do quite a lot of work for this firm, which does all the sexy posters for the Athena shops. We do dozens of stills, then they pick out the ones they like the best. Months later it becomes an illustrated poster, looking quite a lot like me. Or, in some cases, parts of me. This particular day, the guys were working on some very basic ideas. First, they wrapped me in two dustbin liners. That didn't work, so they tied me up in string. That wasn't much better, so they tried both! There I was wrapped in sticky polythene tied up with string. I was supposed to look all hard and dominant, but I could hardly stand still for laughing. Neither could they. I'm dying to see the results when they get into the shops!

I'll say goodbye now until next month, when I'm taking a little break on a farm. Don't forget to drop me a line in the meantime.

Linzi

Letters to Linzi

Dear Linzi,
I won't bore you with the usual spiel about how you're the nicest woman in the world etc, but just take it from me that I find you an incredibly sexy lady.

And out of your many attributes, your legs are what get my cock throbbing more than anything else. The feeling of having my stiff nestling between a pair of nubile thighs is one that sends me completely into ecstasy, and I very often shoot my load when in this situation. That doesn't always endear me to the girls, who are priming themselves for a good fuck, but the prospect of seeing a girl's thighs splashed with my thick come and then me rubbing it into her legs is one I can rarely resist.

For this reason, it's when I see a good shot of your fantastic legs, especially your thighs, that I have my best wanks. I'd give a king's ransom to be able to do to you what I've described above. And I'd love to give you a fuck (who wouldn't?) with your legs wrapped right around my back.

Make my day by telling me you like the sound of that as much as I do. *Kevin, Hinckley*
I like the feel of thick come anywhere on my body, Kevin, but I'd probably feel a bit cheesed off if you climaxed before I'd even had a chance to have your cock inside me! Unless, of course, you happen to be one of those big boys who can raise a stiffie soon after coming. Then I could have the best of both worlds without having to wait too long.

Dear Linzi,
I'm a great fan of your column in Club, and I look forward to reading it every month. The main reason for this is because I really think we have a lot in common. I appreciate that you're better-looking than me, but I'm a bit of an exhibitionist like you, and I can relate to some of your sexy stories.

I'm 26, five foot seven with black, short-ish hair, 38-inch boobs and a reasonably tight bum. Without meaning to boast, I never have any trouble finding blokes, so I don't bother with a regular boyfriend. Rare is the Saturday night when I don't lure some beefcake back to my place. My friend, Julie, who lives with me, doesn't do too badly either.

I have to admit to being a bit kinky when it comes to sex, and it's amazing the variety of responses I get from the various men. I love putting on uniforms, and I don't seem to come across many unwilling partners as far as that's concerned. What is it about men that the mere sight of a grown-up woman dressed in a school uniform is enough to add an inch to their hard-ons? I'm sure you know the answer to that one as well as anybody.

Another of my favourites is keeping to the ritual of always undressing my men personally, while I'm still fully-clothed. Then, when I perform my 'striptease', I can watch their cocks getting stiffer and stiffer and I look forward all the more to getting my hands – and my cunt – on them. Sometimes I keep most of my clothes on, but I always like my men to be stark bollock naked.

Talking of bollocks, I'm becoming quite skilled at picking them out individually with my teeth and gently teasing them. The sighs and the horny comments from the guys I do it to let me know I must be doing something right.

I've been seeing this guy, Eddie, for a couple of weeks now, which is a long time for me. But he knows how to use his cock, and it would be a shame to blow it out just for the sake of it. Besides, he drives a beautiful Mercedes sports car.

So I think you and I would probably get along quite well, Linzi. I think we would make a hell of a team for the Saturday night hunt! *Rachel, Richmond*
You're a girl after my own heart, Rachel. And it's always an exciting moment when you pull down a 'new' man's undies to see what his tackle's like, isn't it? As for uniforms – well, I'm sure there are various psychological reasons why men go ga-ga about them, but if they like it, do it!

Dear Linzi,
I'm a randy, unmarried 45-year-old with an eight-inch cock when in full glory.

My friend in Durban, South Africa, invited me there three months ago, but as he had to leave urgently for the USA on business, I looked after his farm and house while he was gone.

He had two black women working for him – one in her late 20s, the other in her late 50s. The younger woman – whose husband had disappeared after only a year of marriage – was a lovely woman with tremendous looks and a figure to match. One Friday, I arranged for the older woman to take the weekend off, for which she was very grateful.

As I was drinking in the house one evening, I invited the younger girl to join me. After about three whiskies and a glass of wine, she left to have her daily bath. Afterwards she came back for a few more drinks. I suddenly noticed she looked very sleepy, and ordered her to her room to sleep it off.

After about 15 minutes, I heard a crashing noise and went up to her room to find her sprawled naked on the floor. I put her back to bed, but suddenly felt very randy. I started kissing her all over, including her lovely cunt.

She came to, and encouraged me to kiss and suck her cunt, my tongue and mouth exploring her pussy and her two-inch clitoris.

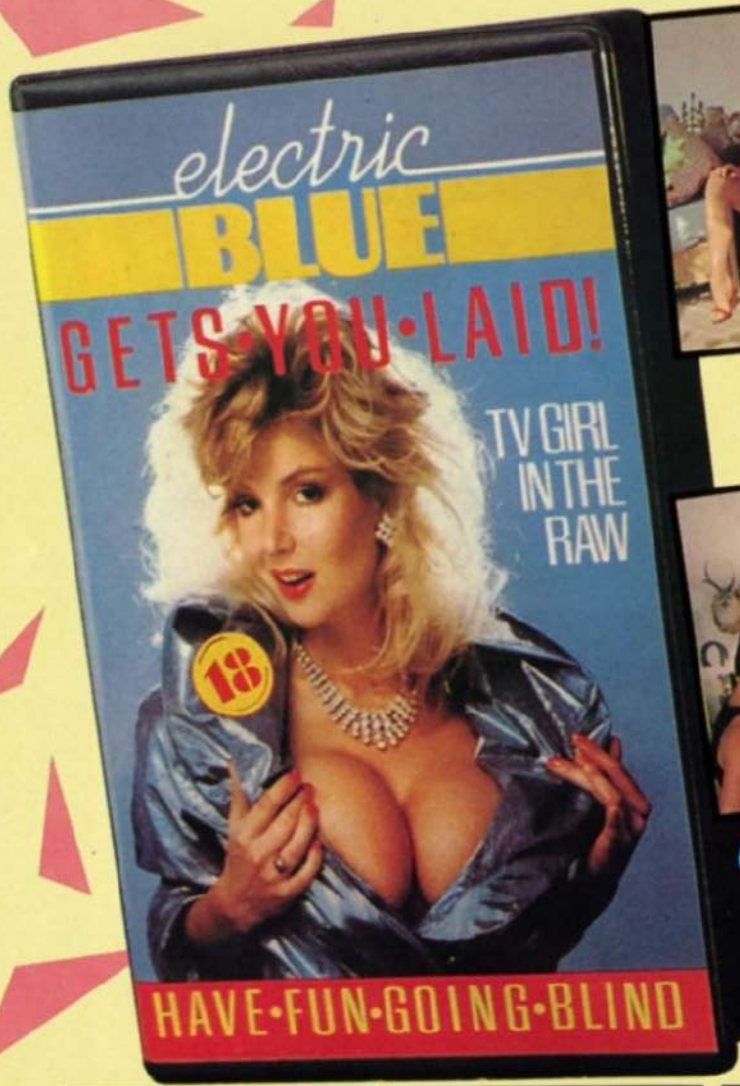
But she really enjoyed being finger-fucked. One night, when she was *really* drunk, I crouched between her thighs and wedged my fingers into her pussy flesh, my hand parting it. She tensed and tried to pull it back, but, like a burrowing animal, my hand went on creeping into her, fingers twisting, spreading the slippery tissues and probing deeper and deeper.

She really shivered, and I wanted her to ask me to stop, but she didn't. I pushed my hand further in, and, as her cunt muscles gripped my wrist, her body rose, her face tightened and she shrieked: 'No, no! Please!'

A sudden current seemed to run through her, but I persisted and pushed my hand further in. I really made full use of my dancing fingers. Suddenly, her body softened, no longer struggling. She sighed and whispered: 'Yes . . . yes.'

Yes, she was quite a woman, and I miss her very much. Do you like this sort of lovemaking? Do any of your friends like it? Believe me, I'd love to be of some assistance. And how about some more pictures of black girls? *Ronald, Surrey*
I don't know if I could 'handle' (if you pardon the pun) this sort of lovemaking, Ronald. I'm not too sure about my mates, either, but I'll ask around. I agree that we don't see enough of black girls: I'll have a word with the Ed about this lovely friend of mine of Jamaican origin.

Listen, lads. I love sending you signed piccies of Yours Truly, but demand, as they say, is proving to be overwhelming. So, from now on, any requests for pictures *must* be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope (at least 10"×8"). This means I'll be able to send them off much quicker, so it's good news for everybody!



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HOORAY FOR HENRIETTA

The Misadventures of a Sloane Ranger. Edited by Nigel Buxton. Illustrated by Paul Cemmick.

'Henrietta! Would you kindly come downstairs this minute and explain THIS?'

It's Christmas Eve Eve Eve at the Eaton-Squire's holly-decked halls, and the lovely Henrietta feels she's under enough pressure (the goose, the pudding, the rampant infidelity), without being summoned to decipher Christmas card signatures. But her already rattled composure falls apart at the seams when she is confronted by her husband beside the umbrella stand. In his hand he holds a most peculiarly-contoured parcel, approximately ten inches long, two inches thick, slightly curved, with a bulge at one end vaguely reminiscent of two golf balls in a purse.

'Eow! How frightfully, er, frightful. Who's it for? I mean, who's it from? And anyway, what on earth is it?'

'Don't try and tell me you've forgotten what they look like!' snaps Charles, snipping at the tight black plastic wrapping with nail scissors.

'Now, let me see who's behind this damned outrage. *To Henrietta; Happy Sexmas and a Promiscuous Blue Year from the Saloon Bar mob at the Admiral Cod.*'

Inwardly, Henrietta simmers with pride at the fond remembrance, her clitoris twitching sentimentally. Outwardly she is, of course, mortified, nigh reduced to tears – and absolutely *desperate* to save face.

'Oh, Dahling, how *could* anyone be so beastly?'

Henrietta embraces her long-suffering husband and effects, with some considerable skill, to sob on his shoulder, while studying the pink rubber prosthetic from the corner of her eye. Those cheeky boys! Known only to her, this saucy, not-so-little gift has its origins in last week's big match at the rugger club, where Henrietta went with her old school friend and confidante, Sophie Carter-Jones, hopefully to pick up a bit of rough at the pub opposite the ground. In fact, the two Sloanesses finally got lucky at the club bar, accepting swigs from hip flasks proffered by broken-nosed, cauliflower-eared full-backs, until, giddy-drunk, they allowed themselves to be smuggled into the Gents' for knee-tremblers ('Gosh, I say! Take it easy, chaps! This is

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the life, eh, Soph?') up against a cubicle wall.

'Next!'

★ ★ ★

Charles relaxes his stance, stroking his wife's £40 hairdo affectionately. It's Christmas, after all, and if he can't take a joke . . . Besides, the Old Girl's under a lot of pressure these days, what with that mystery gynae problem that's effectively put an end to their sex life and little Jeremy's drug bust at the school carol service (what Charles will never know is that his precocious, knock-kneed, academically unremarkable little brat had effectively cornered the market in Evo-Stik inhalation kits, and when summoned to his school, Henrietta had to bend over backwards to get the little man off the hook. Bend over backwards, that is, across the principal's desk, while he and the local chief inspector took turns to admonish her. Severely).

No matter, for, as in the majority of domestic affairs, ignorance is bliss. Besides which, Charles' luck on the old nookie front has changed dramatically in recent weeks. His wife's perpetual frostiness and purported internal problems are of no consequence – Inga, the Norwegian au pair ('Old Melon Boobs' as Bunny Lyle-Moncrieff calls her), has, at 19 years of age, found her true vocation in life: she performs breathtakingly obscene antics and yoga-like contortions (naked but for black silk stockings and suspender belt) for Charles' voyeuristic appraisal. Five pounds a time, that is, whenever Henrietta is absent and the cook off duty.

Polaroids

Thus far, Charles is £725 poorer, but better-natured than those around him can ever recall. He repairs to the upstairs loo before leaving for the office, where he bolts the door, lowers the toilet seat cover, and sits, affectionately thumbing through a wedge of Polaroids. Remarkable race, the Norwegians . . .

At Aaranson Bros. office party, the usual riotousness prevails. Receptionists, secretaries and typists have long since abandoned ship, weary of attempted broom cupboard gangbangs, grabbed bottoms and tweaked nipples, and Charles and his pals are earnestly engaged in a pissing-up-the-wall contest in the MD's office, the door of which they have festively kicked in. Three hours later, Charles, Chalkie and Bunny are still swilling Jack Daniels from pint jugs as they stagger down Throgmorton Street collecting roadworks beacons, which they bundle into Charles' GTI prior to the planned end-of-term debauch in Shepherd's Market.

Duly spotting four shoulder bag-draped, mini-skirted hookers on the corner of Curzon Street (there are, in fact, only two, but Charles & Co are now seeing double), Charles slaloms to a screeching, bumpy halt. Chalkie Featherstonhaugh-Whyte approaches the girls on all fours, £200 in fivers between his teeth, only to vomit copiously over their feet. Charles, trouserless, is propositioning a Norland Nanny, and Bunny Lyle-Moncrieff wrestles in the gutter with an enraged Alsatian, when the three Rover squad cars arrive on the scene. In the cells beneath West End Central, all agree it was a far better do than last year's, with bail raised from £50 to £750 by way of proof.

Henrietta frowns and little Jeremy winces as Charles arrives at St Stephens halfway through *Oh Little Star of Bethlehem*, visibly the worse for wear. In fact, she would have grimaced no matter what condition he arrived in, due in no small part to the intense pleasure she is deriving from sitting on Trigger Rogers' hand between carols, while making eyes at the head choirboy, a strapping lad with a rather prominent, fleshy nose, which, if the old adage is anything to go by, augurs well for other parts of his anatomy.

So baby is the baby-doll, it comes to an abrupt – but pleasingly frilly – halt barely three inches below her navel . . .

Worming Fingers

During *Good King Wenceslas*, Charles turns white (and crisp and even), and Henrietta summons two ushers to escort him to the door.

'Don't worry, Missus,' they whisper, as concerned/knowing churchgoers try not to stare. 'At least he made the effort.'

'It's his heart,' whispers Henrietta to those around her, parting her thighs in anticipation of Trigger's fingers once again worming their way beneath her voluminous skirt.

As in every other house in SW3, Christmas chez Eaton-Squire is the customary orgy of indulgence and conspicuous consumption, although family gifts this year are unusually restrained. From Charles to Henrietta, a lime-green baby-doll nightie more befitting Samantha Fox than a sophisticated Sloane in her mid-30s. From she to he, a gift voucher from a sunroof company for the Volvo estate (superfluous, following his driving ban).

With little Jeremy asleep in bed, uncomfortable in their own company, Charles opts to give Henrietta her present early. Trying not to squirm as she unwraps it, she reluctantly disrobes and slips it on. So baby is the baby-doll, it comes to an abrupt – but pleasingly frilly – halt barely three inches below her navel. Charles grunts appreciatively, lowers his Beale & Inman cords, and lies on his back, sporting a full erection and grinning inanely. Henrietta sighs, rolls her eyes, and squats dutifully on his groin.

Under the watchful eye of the Christmas tree fairy, the Eaton-Squires make a pale semblance of love, the first attempt in almost five months, while little Jeremy crouches on the upstairs balcony reeling off Polaroid after Polaroid, worth £2 a time of any swot's money during those lonely mid-term nights, while the one of Daddy walking across the lounge with a bottle of Bollinger in one hand

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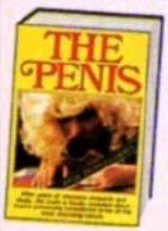

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HPABCSH

and a rubber dicky strapped below his beer belly should be worth a whole term's allowance, if he plays his cards right. Little Jeremy reaches under the bed for the calculator, and has only just completed the finer details of the blackmail letter when Mummy and Daddy creep in with his stocking. Silly old sods.

Come Boxing Day, Henrietta is itching for a screw. Not an embarrassing re-run of Christmas Eve, bouncing up and down beneath her husband's belly, whimpering: 'Oh-you're-so-cruel-to-me-I-can't-take-any-more-you'll split-me-in-two-it's-so-enormous,' but a *proper* rogering. But it's going to be difficult to swing, what with half SW3 and its wife arriving for drinks, prior to shooting awf in convoy to watch Trigger Rogers' ace hurdler pitch Richard Dunwoody into the mud in the third race at Kempton Park.

Black Leather

Difficult, indeed. Come 11am, visibility in the Eaton-Squires' reception room is down to four feet from cigar smoke; good old Bunty Forshaw is wreaking havoc with post-turkey flatulence; and Charles is watching his wife like a hawk, particularly as she is done-up in a highly un-Sloane black leather skirt. She finally catches up with Trigger on the stairs.

'I'll be in the upstairs loo in exactly three minutes,' he whispers.

Henrietta, three sherries the wrong side of good judgement, giggles girlishly, and they synchronize watches.

'You really are incorrigible, Trigger!'

Two-and-a-half minutes later, Henrietta's brawny Canadian lover creeps up the stairs and ensconces himself in the lavvy, dropping his pants and, counting the seconds to Henrietta's arrival, watches his salami-like appendage unfurl.

Henrietta is halfway up the stairs, her pussy moistening at the prospect of a quick, invigorating shag with old donkey-dick, when she finds herself elbowed aside by that gossiping ne'er-do-well, Miranda Blashford-Smith.

'DO excuse me, dahling, but I'm absolutely bursting to pee!'

Henrietta is on the verge of panic.

'But-but-but . . .'

'My dear, you sound like a goat on heat!' says the matronly 45-year-old, an unmistakable twinkle in her eye. 'Do bear with me – I'll only be a jiffy. In and out as quick as a teenager on Sophia Loren!'

Henrietta looks away in anguish, bites her lip, and disappears downstairs in the vicinity of the kitchen, as the muzak of tinkling glasses and conversation ('Yah, rubahb, ectualleh') is punctuated by a scream from upstairs. Charles dashes up to the loo and hammers on the door.

'I say! You all right in thah?'

Miranda Blashford-Smith has her wits about her, full of sherry to the gills or no.

'Yah! Only me! Thought I saw a great big rat! Hallucinating on the Amontillado and all that!'

"Bitch!" fumes Henrietta, as 15 lust-crazed minutes pass before a rather flushed Mrs Blashford-Smith emerges from the loo. *Bastard!* as an insufferably smug Trigger Rogers strolls into the lounge from the kitchen, having legged it back to propriety via toilet window and virginia creeper.

Livid at being so flagrantly cheated of her Boxing Day portion of extramarital cock, Henrietta elects to ride to the races in good old Bunty Forshaw's battered S3 Bentley, rather than yak in the back of the Volvo and fight over the *Sporting Life* with the rest of them.

The table is already spread, a dozen shooting sticks puncturing the Kempton turf like an aluminium orchard, by the time Henrietta and her alarmingly incoherent chauffeur arrive on the scene. Still fuming, Henrietta reaches under the Volvo dash for Charles' emergency flask of Remy, and takes an almighty belt to steady her nerves. Still smirking, Trigger offers his scorned woman a shooting stick. Sweeping her skirt aside, Mrs Eaton-Squire parks her unknickered bottom on the cool leather strap and focuses her bins on the distant starting stalls. The runners are approaching the first hurdle, when:

'Eow! Eow my God!'

Trigger nudges his chum Benjy Soames' elbow and they snicker snidely as the shooting stick – a unique little gadget they picked up at a sex shop on a weekend jaunt to Hamburg – starts to do its job – a motorized phallus emerging from the shaft, softly humming its way eight inches or more into Henrietta's ever-ready widge.

Henrietta is able to groan and sigh and wiggle her hips in unconcealed, orgasmic delight . . .

'Go *awn*, No. 3! Get up there!'

With only two hurdles left to jump and the Bank Holiday crowd on its toes and roaring, Henrietta is able to groan and sigh and wiggle her hips in unconcealed, orgasmic delight, without fear of detection, as the cock-seat provides her with her long-overdue – albeit highly artificial – climax.

Elated at having backed a 14-1 winner, the Eaton-Squire party is oblivious to the hostess gingerly extricating herself from the plastic prick and covering its lurid, false-veined head with a Harrods motif tea towel.

Unhealthy Liaisons

However, divine retribution accounts for Trigger's cocky ways when his costly Irish four-year-old refuses to take the first hurdle in the next race, unseating its rider in the process, rendering Trigger *persona non grata* for the rest of the afternoon (the SW3 party having invested substantially), and giving Charles the excuse he was looking for to keep the Dom Perignon under wraps.

Come New Year's Eve, Charles' unhealthy liaisons with the domestic staff have reached such exhilarating depths, he doesn't even blink when the driver from Stones of Belgravia presents him with a £450 chit for the party hooch. He fails to notice little Jeremy creeping in through the kitchen door with the January issue of *Saucy* (as indeed he always fails to notice little Jeremy, as when, a couple of weeks ago, he'd failed to see him swipe a couple of tacky Polaroids from Daddy's dressing-gown pocket). Little Jeremy sneaks upstairs, opens the smutty magazine to the split beaver spread entitled *Au Pair of the Month: Inga of SW3 as snapped by her slavemaster, Charlie*, and lays it on the pillow beside his still-sleeping mother.

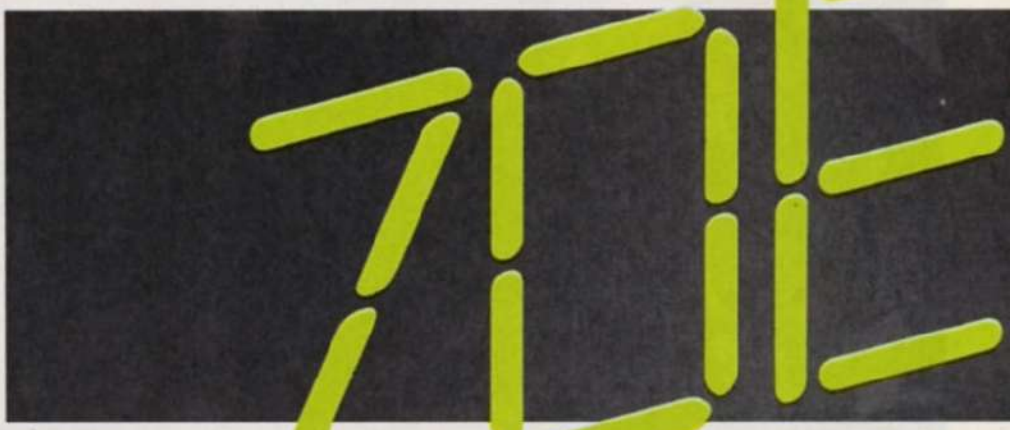
Twelve hours later, blood still seeps through the lint padding Charles has taped to his brolly-perforated left buttock as, glum on Gordon's, he slumps in the corner and watches his bacchanal build up to its midnight *crescendo*: the ambulance men in the hall, passing a bottle of 12-year-old malt around as they pump the contents of good old Bunty Forshaw's stomach; Bunny Lyle-Moncrieff sweeping the Staffordshire cocker spaniels off the mantel-piece as he lifts his kilt for the perusal of Miranda Blashford-Smith and her transvestite son, Nigel; Nanny Bryant looking smug after winning the yard-of-ale contest and the first prize of a gallon of Teacher's; while in the kitchen, door jammed closed with a beer crate, Henrietta and Sophie Carter-Jones do a slow striptease for Trigger & Co:

'Should auld acquaintance not be drunk,
He's no a friend o' mine,
We'll fuck each other's husbands noo,
For the sake of auld lang syne'.

Charles fixes himself yet another huge gin, and ponders darkly: 'Where the HELL can I find a market for 25,000 copies of *Saucy*?' – and passes out, as midnight chimes and Henrietta is dragged, quite naked and unprotesting, from the kitchen table and on to the floor.

You be taking your things off while I get rid of the others

Photographs by Wavelength Productions

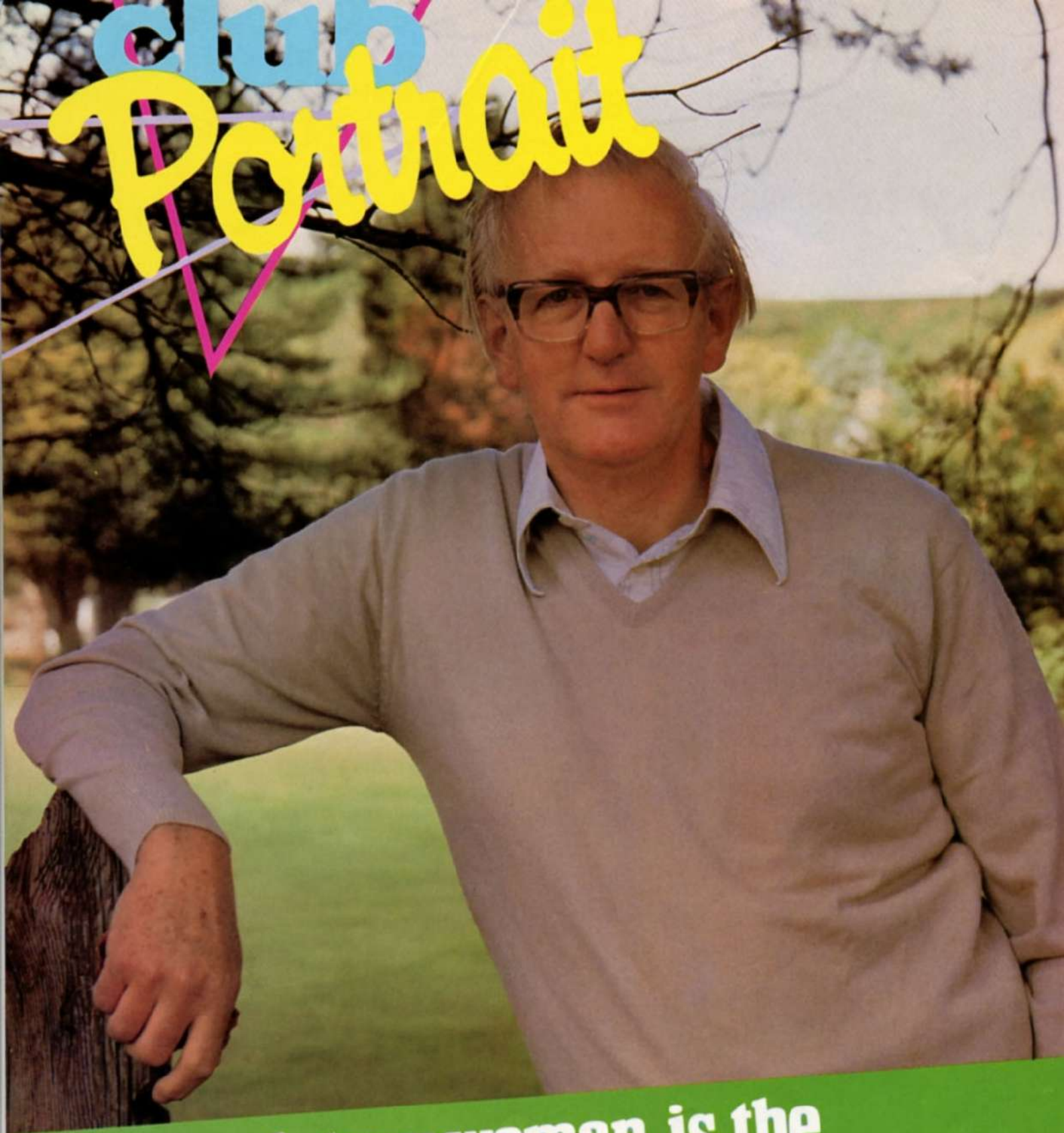


Photographs by Serge Jacques

TRUDI

club

club Portrait



'The predatory woman is the stereotype which did happen to correspond to my own experiences...'

Neil Gaiman talks to Tom Sharpe

In the world as seen in the books of Tom Sharpe, anything which could possibly go wrong will go wrong. And not just slightly wrong, but horrendously, awfully, terribly wrong.

Which was why I'd been standing in the rain for three hours. Or, to be a little more precise, my train to Cambridge had been cancelled at the last minute (staff shortages); on arriving in Cambridge, an hour late, I had to get the taxi driven by a voluble driver of interesting views ('. . . of course I hate violence . . . never laid a finger on anyone . . . and children? How could anyone hurt children . . . so what I say is that Hitler had the right idea we should cut their fucking balls off and make them suffer, bring back hanging and the lash . . . '); and then, in the deluge, I found an empty house, and no Tom Sharpe.

Three hours later, as I pushed a final note through the door, saying I'd been and gone, and could he 'phone me to arrange a new interview, the door opened, to reveal Tom Sharpe himself. Looking puzzled. I told him who I was, and his face fell. He had just moved house from Devon to Cambridge, his diary had migrated to the bottom of an unidentified tea-chest – he had forgotten. He apologized a lot. He wrote a note for my editor, stating:

'This is to certify that Neil Gaiman Esq has been put to considerable expense and no little discomfort through getting soaked for the simple reason that I have been moving home with my wife, three children, one dog, three cats and five removal men for the past five days and entirely forgot my appointment.'

He made the coffee. I dried out and cheered up. And, reflecting on the things that would have happened to a typical Sharpe character in my predicament by now (. . . been arrrested; been mistaken for a mass murderer; been blown up; been assaulted by a fat lady intent on the conquest of my meagre body . . .), I decided I'd probably come out of it rather well.

Sharpe is responsible for some of the funniest books ever written (*Riotous Assembly*, *Indecent Exposure*, *Wilt*, *Blott on the Landscape*), and a number of duds as well. So it was a relief to see that his latest book, *Wilt On High*, was a return to form. As with the best of Sharpe, there's a serious message there as well – in this case the spectacle of The Bomb. He obviously doesn't like it.

'I don't like *violence*. I *loathe* violence. You're a nice young bloke, born after the holocaust. I'm 57 and I was born before it. And I think our generation was scarred by a gentleman named Adolf Hitler, and Stalin on the rampage, and it was out of that that I went to South Africa and *shit* – I walked straight into it again. I was out there doing all this work with people who were dying of TB. When they were black, the doctors would tell them it was terminal and send them home to die. So during the day I was taking people home from hospital and visiting them to see if they were still alive.

'At one point the white girl who was training me in social work took me to see a guy who didn't have long to live. She said: "How are you doing?" and he said: "I've got a job! I'm working in the kitchen of a restaurant". She didn't turn a hair. She just said: "That's good news – which restaurant?" When we went downstairs, I said: "Shit – that guy can't work in a restaurant!" She said it was the only place he could *live*. He'd get spare food, a lot of food, and he might just make it, you never know. All she wanted to know was the name of the restaurant so she didn't have to go there, nor any of her friends.

Arrogant

'It was schizophrenic – I'd do that in the day, and in the evening I'd go down to one of the richest bloody suburbs in Jo'burg where you had six black waiters in white gloves and arrogant whites talking about vast sums of money – it seemed absolutely crazy.'

And it was out of this that Riotous Assembly *came?*

'What happened was I started writing this *true* story of an aunt of a friend of mine who lived next door to a cop shop. The noise of the torture was really horrible, and she knew if she complained it wouldn't do any good, so she wrote to the Kommandant, saying: "I'm a little old lady. I like my snooze after lunch, and I can't get to sleep because of the noises coming from your police station." The Kommandant was round like a shot, as she was upper-class English. So I set off to write that as a short story, and I got up to that point when I thought: "What the hell would happen if she rang up to say she'd murdered her cook? They'd go into the drill of telling her she meant there had been an accident".'

The line from the book is: 'Killing a black cook comes under self-defence, justifiable homicide or garbage disposal . . .'

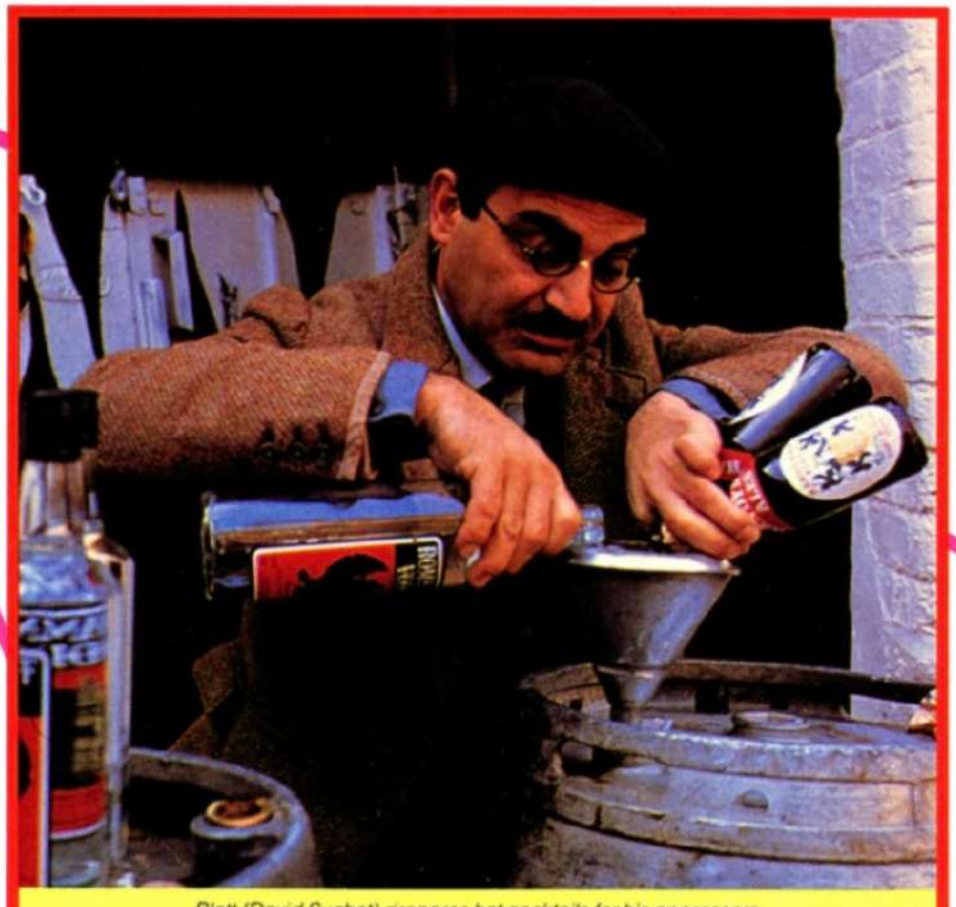
'Exactly. Psychopathic. And that's when it took off for me. You see, the cops out there are so thick you wouldn't believe it. English people *can't* believe it. They just want to kill kaffirs – that's their idea of what should happen.'

Did you worry when you wrote the book that it might just be seen as a joke – that people wouldn't realize that it really was like that?

'Quite honestly, I didn't know what I was doing anyway, in the two or three weeks it took me to get that story down – all I knew was that it was just hysterically funny, in a mad sort of horrible way. But I didn't write the bloody book. I don't know who did – I don't remember anything about those three weeks at all. Except I remember Kommandant van Heerden at the bottom of a staircase, and thinking "What happens now? What the hell's he going to see now?" And I had no idea.'

That was the rubber fetishism stuff, wasn't it? The rubber sheets and clothes?

'Yes. I'd thought: "What the hell's the most bizarre perversion one could ever



Blott (David Suchet) prepares hot cocktails for his oppressors

Blott again, tying the knot with the widow (Geraldine James). Julia McKenzie can't be seen on the right

have in a hot climate?" It's got to be something in rubber. You know, when I wrote the book, I didn't want to portray blacks at all, because I wanted to portray the South African attitude to blacks, which is that they're objects. Like this desk or that chair. If you pump bullets into that chair it doesn't matter – nobody's going to say you're wrong. That's the way they think. I've seen a cop do it. So the point I'm making in the book is that we have a police Kommandant confronted with a woman he respects: and, despite the fact he regularly goes off and screws coloured whores, that *she* – the doyenne of society – could be going to bed with a 'fucking black man' is beyond his comprehension. He can *never* accept it. But she's out of her bloody mind anyway – treating another human being as though he's an object. The cook would never feel anything, wearing three contraceptives and with a novocaine injection in the privates, then blown to bits for no good reason. It's loopy.'

Fat Women

Your next South African book, Indecent Exposure, *was the first time we really got to meet one of your predatory fat women . . .*

'Yes. I'm very fond of fat women. A lot of it stems from a real incident with the wife of a Major von Blimenstein. Now, under Dutch law (you may not be aware of this), if you're caught screwing anybody, and the spouse enters the room and finds you in bed with her, then – providing they don't go out of the room to get a gun, knife or other weapon – they're perfectly entitled to kill you both. If they've a weapon on them, they can kill you.

'Of course what they do is go and get a bloody great gun, then go into court and say: "Of course I didn't go and get a gun! I just happened to be cleaning it in the next room when I heard my wife in bed with this lousy bastard Sharpe, and naturally I was overcome by a desire to blast the hell out of them both!" And they'll let you off, no problem.

'So anyway, there I was with Major von Blimenstein's wife. And I'm a congenital coward. I mean, no way am I going to get into bed with a very big, powerful Afrikaans lady who's married to a major in the police. I mean, you've got to be *mad*. But she had other thoughts in mind . . . I can still remember the bloody afternoon when I was locked in her flat. She took the key away. Now, I had a motor bike, and I was togged up in the leather and crash helmet and everything else, and I wouldn't take it off. And every time I made for the door she'd just get in front of me. So I'd pick her up – she was a *big* woman (and I'm not small), big and muscular – carry her across to the sofa, and dump her on it. And she'd just bounce off, roaring with laughter. This went on for hours.

'The major rings up in the middle of it all – he was about ten feet tall, weighed 280lb, all muscle, and wore side-arms just to help. So, in the end, I said: "Okay, let's roll, baby", or words to that effect, "but first I'll need a drink and a pee". So I got out of all my Norton uniform, and I went into the bathroom, and while she was pouring the drinks I came out of the bathroom like the clappers, grabbed the key, opened the door and was out, which didn't exactly endear me to the woman.

'That's the origin of the large ladies. But most of us have it. It's the classic Thurber cartoon situation of the timid little man looking in terror at the predatory woman at the other end of the couch: a stereotype which did happen to correspond to some of my own experiences.'

It's a situation you use in most of the books.

'If you like, it's a bit of a formula. It's funny when you think about it, as society always assumes that all men are aggressors and potential rapists (actually all rapists are impotent anyway, as far as I can gather). "All men are predators". Even your magazine runs on that assumption.'

How about the other recurring item, the condom, which crops up in a variety of (often lethal) roles?

'I don't know why I was born. I was an accident, I think. My sister, who is 75, told me that two months after I was conceived, my mother bought a skipping rope. Well, she damn near died when my brother was born, so I don't blame her. She was old.

'I think my mother had an obsession about condoms. My Uncle Harold was a doctor, and she came to him one lunchtime (I was there) and she said: "Harold, I want you to stop leaving those things about. It's really not nice at all. The charlady sees them". This was in 1949.

'He said: "What things?"

'She said: "You're leaving them on the dressing table" – he was having an affair at the time with the local coal merchant's widow – "and it's very, very embarrassing".

'He said: "What the hell are you on about?"

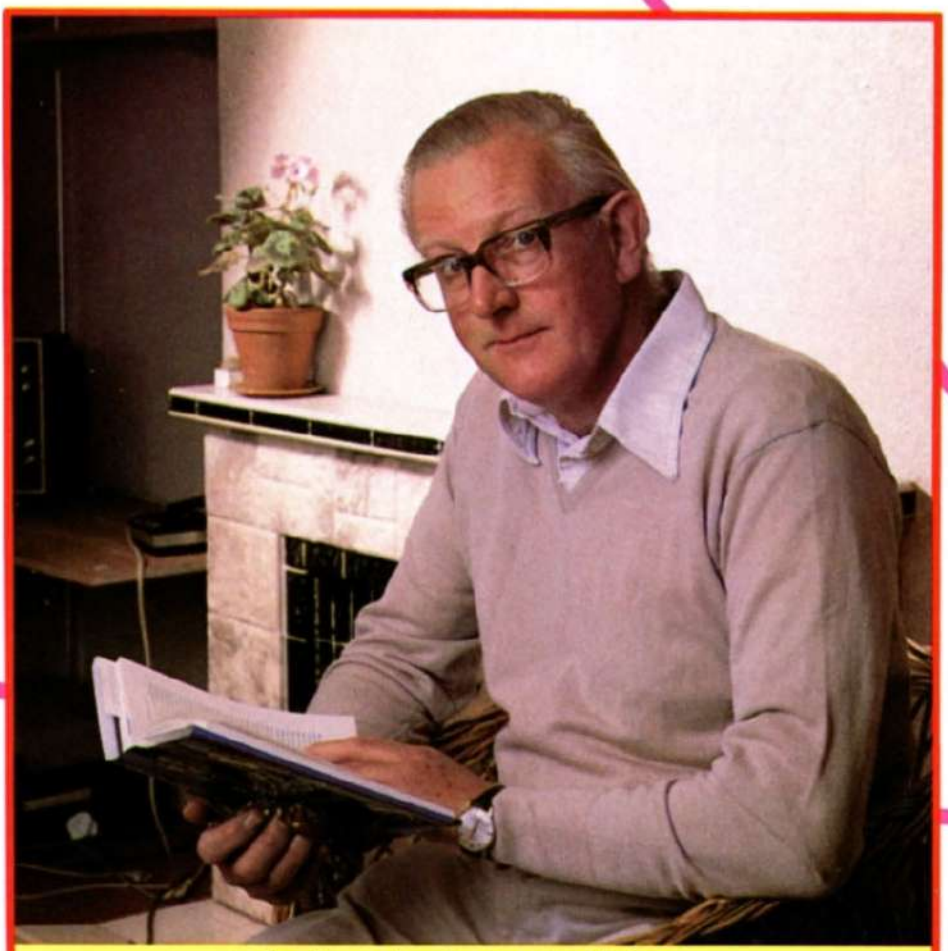
'She said, getting very red in the face: "You know perfectly well what I'm talking about!"

'He replied: "I don't know what on earth you're talking about – you'd better show me".

'So they went upstairs and there, lying on the dressing table, was this tiny *fingerstool*. And he looked at it, and said: "Woman, if you think I could get it into a thing like *that*, then you are insulting me!" My poor mother was the colour of that chair. Deep red.

'So, from an early age, there's been an interest in the various forms of contraception. I think they're loathsome things, condoms. When I was in the Marines – I didn't mean to go into the Marines, but I couldn't possibly have gone to Cambridge saying

It's time to go, Albert – you know how upset you get when you miss Hart to Hart



Tom Sharpe sits on the other side of the fence . . .

I'd been a cook or sickroom attendant; I was a very snobby young man. *Now* I know that cooks made money and sickroom attendants just handed out French Letters – there were thousands of Marines on this ship, and thousands and thousands of French Letters floating around, so that was another eye-opener for me.

'Then, in *Indecent Exposure* (page 139), there's a verbatim account of what happened to me in a chemists' shop I was helping out in in South Africa. A bloke came in and said: "I'll have a packet of Crêpe de Chine". I said: "No you don't, you want a haberdashers'. This is a chemists". "No I don't", he said. He didn't know what a haberdashers' was any more than I knew the meaning of Crêpe de Chine. So I shouted across the shop, to the woman assistant: "Pat, we don't do Crêpe de Chine, do we?" All the women in the shop turned around, and the poor bugger turned red and shot out of the shop.

'I don't know what it's like nowadays, but I couldn't have gone into a shop and asked for contraceptives when I was an undergraduate. It's an embarrassment. And it becomes a hallmark, like the large ladies. A running joke. Sometimes it works, sometimes it doesn't.'

Your breakthrough into 'Bestselling Author' status was with Wilt. *You must get asked this a geat deal, but to what extent are you Henry Wilt?*

'Wilt's not me. But I am the Wilts. Henry and Eva. I did all those things, like looking at the bases of pylons and wondering what would happen if you stuffed a body down there; and I was teaching Meat One – first year butchers – and idling the afternoon away discussing *Shane* and them telling me more about sex than I ever knew.

'But I'm also Eva. She has all these enthusiasms, and she doesn't know who the hell she is from day to day. I'm like that – always enthusiastic about things like she is. You can see I've got a room full of gadgets here. And the compost heaps were real in *The Wilt Alternative*, although I never tried burning the methane. Probably a good thing – the house might have blown up.'

Momentum

When you start a book do you know where it's going?

'No. I try to write a scenario, but . . . well, farce has to obey certain rules. If the *plot* doesn't work, if you cannot convince the reader that, no matter how barmy this all seems, it *could* happen, and it's got its own internal logic . . . it all depends on the plot. *Wilt on High*, for example, has four sets of cops in all – that's two sets too many. I don't like that. However, that book maintained its momentum.

'If the construction of the book is somehow wrong, I've still got to write the book. I don't earn money any other way, and I've got to keep the readers. You can't turn out shoddy, but you've got to get the books out.'

Do you ever feel like pulling all the stops out and seeing how far you could possibly go?

'I don't know. Perhaps the first book you write is the only book you write. Or the best. I think the South African two really are the same book. The trouble is, South Africa is a schizo society, and this society isn't. It's a lot more homogenous. Writing about England is rather like punching cotton wool (except for Wilt, who's just an ordinary little bloke, who'd like to have power and knows damn well he never will). In South Africa, everything was small. You knew who the crooks were. Over here, the divisions are blurred.'

Blott worked?

'Ah, yes It was based on some of my own experiences in Shropshire. There's a homogeneity about that book, too. I got the tone right, and if you don't, you're up to maggots.'

What was your reaction to the TV series?

'It worked, too. I was happy with it, because they altered the medium – verbal to visual – without messing it about. The cast was good, and the characters simply came to life, that's all.'

We talk more about his books; the ones that worked, and the ones that didn't. One that was a failure is *The Great Pursuit*.

'It's 20,000 words too long. Now, some critics like me, and some loathe me. That's as it should be, I advise some people *not* to read my books – I mean, if you're a sensitive soul, for God's sake don't read them. It could really upset you! The critics said the stuff in the US was bananas, but it was for real. I was out there. I *did* meet a woman who'd had five maidenheads. Every time she got married she had surgery for a new hymen, and the reason she gave was: "All men want to marry virgins!" I went bonkers over that one, trying to work out how the hell a woman married five times could possibly be a virgin.'

How about the sex in the books, normally used for its embarrassment factor?

'Well, anyone who thinks my stuff is even vaguely turning-on has got to be out of their mind. Da Vinci or someone once said that if the human race could see itself humping, it would never do it again. Stop dead. And I believe that. I've never understood the passion for mirrors.'

Let alone the more recent practice of videoing oneself making love?

'Good lord' (aghast). 'I gave up golf because someone videoed me taking a swing, and I realized what a fool I looked . . .

It's a pleasure to meet you, Lady Veronica; you haven't seen my glasses, have you?

THE BIG SUMMER STRIP-OFF

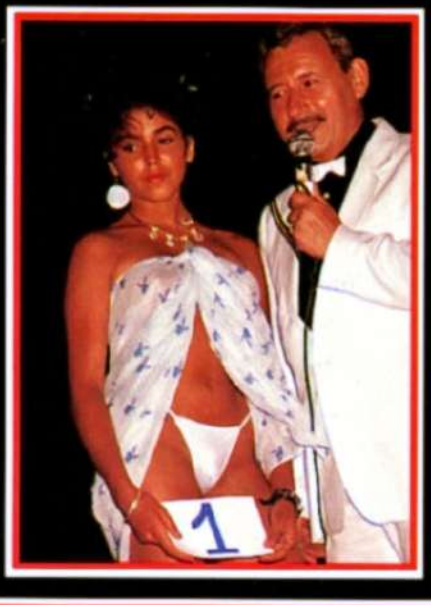
Here's something to set you thinking about that summer holiday. In fact, it's just as likely to set you thinking about something else, but let's not state the obvious.

These brown-skinned beauties are just some of the more than 40,000 naked holidaymakers who flocked last summer to Cap D'Agde in the south of France: the biggest and most popular naturist resort on the planet. We can see why.

The occasion is the Miss Port Ambonne contest, which, like most beauty competitions, was intended to be as much a fashion show as a chance to ogle at the assembled nubiles.

But, in a style so reminiscent of *Club Event* you'd think *we* organized it, the girls took matters into their own hands and treated the onlookers to a feast of flesh that was simply *ravissant!* Once a naturist, always a naturist, I suppose.

Start forming an orderly queue outside your travel agent now.



SKETCH CLUB

I swear I didn't know you had a twin sister, Mary

Oh, good – he's been!

All right; you can bring the rest of you in!

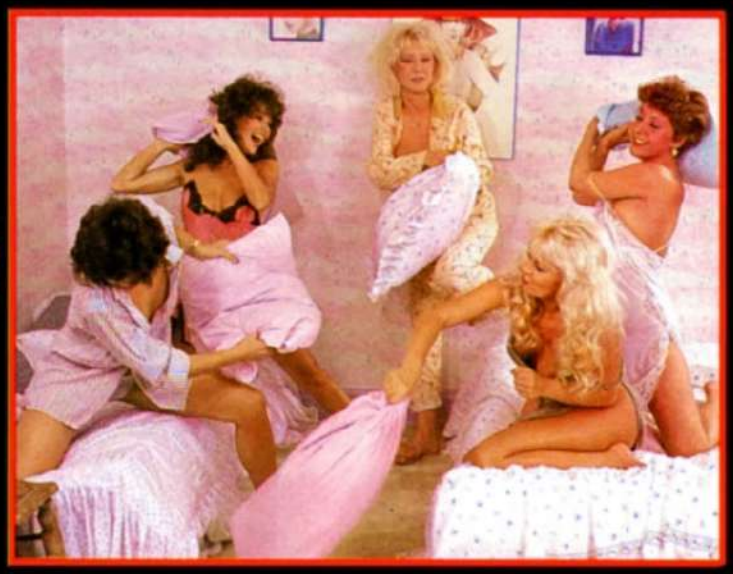
I'm giving you exactly five days to get out of my bedroom

What shall we do now?

Looks like rain, dear

Can't you do anything without those bleedin' cheerleaders?

club Event



This is one they all wanted to join in: it seems there are few things a girl likes more than a good old British pillow fight. Amid the screams, the threats and the laughter, our intrepid reporter – cowering in the built-in wardrobe – was able to scribble down quotes such as: 'I haven't had so much fun at bedtime since Gregor went down on me,' or: 'The last time I hit someone with a pillow was when Paul came home from the pub with brewer's droop and I was gasping for it.'

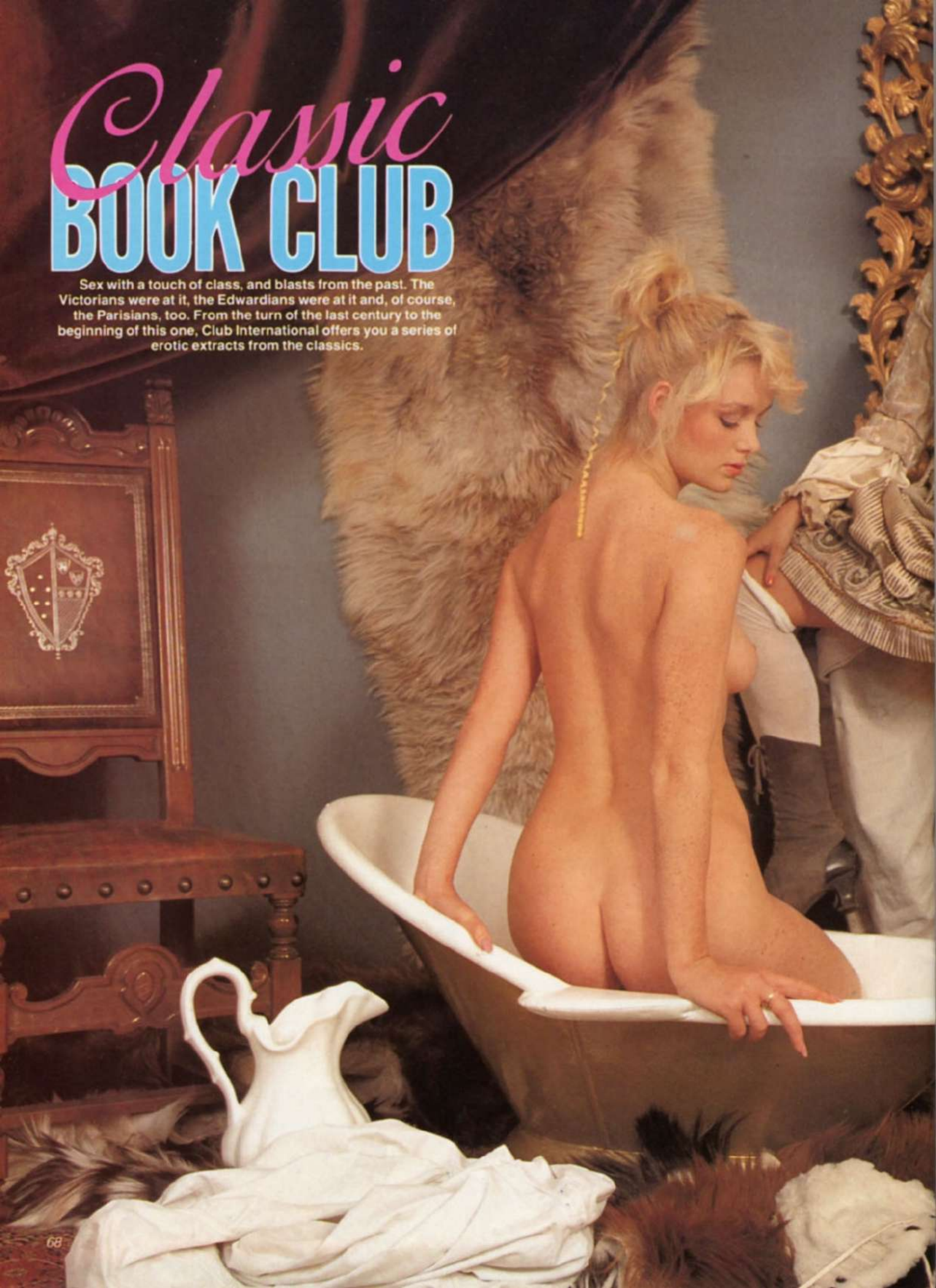
Anyway, there were enough feathers flying around to make you think a squadron (or is it a pride?) of ducks had invaded, and once the stuffing had been well and truly knocked out of the weapons – and the girls – what else was there to do but put the bedroom to its *third* best use . . .

Photographs by Paul Diamond

club Event

club Event

Club International (UK) - Volume 15 Number 1, 1986



Classic BOOK CLUB

Sex with a touch of class, and blasts from the past. The Victorians were at it, the Edwardians were at it and, of course, the Parisians, too. From the turn of the last century to the beginning of this one, Club International offers you a series of erotic extracts from the classics.

The Tzarina's Slave

Extract from *Three Times A Woman* (Star – £2.25) by kind permission of W. H. Allen & Co. Ltd.

Bought for a few roubles to work in the royal household, the young peasant girl Grushenka – still a virgin – is broken in for the entertainment of her new mistress, the Princess, who is anxious to determine how the private parts of a fresh, young girl are affected by continued lovemaking. To this end, the males among the Royal staff are ordered to participate in the experiment; an order which is enthusiastically obeyed. Before long, Grushenka is transformed from an innocent virgin into a skilled lover who can manipulate men at her will. The stable lads are given first crack . . .

"It was always a feast to be allowed to fuck and it was usually done in the hay of the stables or somewhere in the fields. A good party in a bed and an order to give her the limit was a pleasure! When the news came to the stable, the men threw dice for the trick and the redhead was much envied when he won.

"Grushenka was sitting on her bed; she held one hand over her breasts, the other one clutched her thin dress in front. The redhead threw his wooden slippers into the air, slipped out of his shirt and trousers, and assured the girl that it should be as if it were his wedding night and that he would not need any help like Ivan. Nay, he'd do the job alone and quite thoroughly. As he stood before her, naked, his prick ready for the anticipated pleasure, she did not know what to do. She kneeled before him, then he lifted her bodily up and threw her on the bed.

"'For the quick poke in the woods,' he said, 'it's all right with clothes on, but I'll have you nude, my little bride. It's so much nicer.'

"He started to loosen the hooks of her skirt and to tear it off her. Grushenka felt that resistance would not do and that her garments would be torn, and that meant the whip, so she unbuttoned her blouse herself and got rid of her trousers, while her lover-by-command lauded her change of mind. When they lay belly on belly, Grushenka again begged and prayed. She was very beautiful and the redhead had no reason to hurt her. He promised to be careful and explained to her, being a nice chap, that it would not cause her any pain, that she would, in fact, like it and that if she followed his suggestions, they could both enjoy it profoundly.

"He tickled her pussy with the point of his shaft for a while and then inserted it by degrees, moving always a bit back and shuffling it in again, each time more, until his hair rubbed closely against her well-shaven Mount of Venus. He then inquired whether it had hurt and Grushenka answered in a soft, wondering voice: 'Just a bit. Oh! Be careful.'

"But it had not hurt her at all, it was just a funny feeling – not exactly exciting, but almost pleasing. He told her to move her arse slowly up and down, which she did, while he lay stiff and strong, until he started himself to heave and to push, finally forgetting himself and fucking quite to his heart's content. Grushenka did not answer his strokes, she was still afraid that it might hurt again. But she held her arms close to his back and when finally he came, she pressed her cunt firmly against his belly and felt something like satisfaction when his hot scum spread into her insides.

"He had not had enough. He stayed in her bed joking with her. He played around with her breasts and her cunt, laughed to see that she was shaved and pinched her bottom, good-heartedly. She discovered with amazement that he got stiff again and she did not fight him off when he put his prick in anew; a prick which was not so strong and terrible now as it had been before. This time her fright was gone. She wondered: 'So that is what they call fucking.' She thought: 'Really, it's not so bad.' Still she did not get a thrill out of it, although it felt rather pleasant.

Slippery Machine

"This time he had to work harder to get the load out of his balls. She assisted him very little, although she caressed his back with her hand shyly, and tried to make her cunt as small as possible, so that the slippery machine down there could get as much friction as possible. After he had come, she started to move and to heave. She wanted something more now herself, but he slipped his tired love shaft out of her. She was tired and slept so soundly that they had a hard time getting her up next morning.

"Every night after dinner, a man came to fuck her. Sometimes they were elderly and ugly and did not undress, just laid her over the bed and fucked and gave her a pat on the behind and disappeared. Sometimes, they were inexperienced and shy. Grushenka had a great time teasing them and working them up and finally seducing them many times so that they walked from the room with weak knees.

"Grushenka learned to love it. She could not say when she came for the first time, but after it had happened, she succeeded in getting the

The Tzarina's Slave

supreme thrill with every man; half a dozen times if she liked her partner. She learned how to make love and soon became a passionate lover. The male servants in the house who had tried her out, praised her with glittering eyes. What a girl! What a figure! What a piece of arse! A volcano!

"These were fine weeks, weeks of thrills, weeks during which her body filled out and her mind became clear, weeks without dreams, full of reality. She looked at other girls with searching curiosity. She learned from them about their love affairs, she studied her mistress with appraising eyes. Couldn't she manage to get a nice man as a husband and a little house with some acres and have children too? Why not? She learned who was influencing the master and the mistress, she made plans, she laid eyes on one of the best body servants of the Prince and though she never spoke with him or had intercourse with him, she believed she had fallen in love with him. All that ended of a sudden, and it was again her mistress who affected the change, her mistress who was by right and law Grushenka's destiny.

"Nelidowa used to start many things, give many orders, and forget about them again. Her mind wandered. Everything that did not pertain to her lover (of whom we will have to speak later) was done in a haphazard way. But Nelidowa remembered one night when she came from the bedroom of her husband, after working over his prick for some time, that Grushenka had been her means for finding out how a cunt would change by fucking; so she sent for her.

Walked Nude

"Grushenka had had a quick and meaningless poke from an elderly man that night about an hour before, and was still awake when the hand-maid of Nelidowa came for her. She put a bed sheet around her shoulders and walked nude and bare-footed to her Highness's bedchamber (it must be remembered that all people, high or low, male or female, slept without nightshirts at that time, and it is said that Marie Antoinette, some 50 years later, was the first one to create the mode). Nelidowa had just washed her pussy and sat naked before her toilet table, while one of her maids braided her long black hair into pigtails.

"Nelidowa was in a good mood and told Grushenka to wait until her hair was done. In a few minutes, she took the nude girl on her lap. She inquired whether Grushenka had been poked daily, whether the pricks had been big and long, whether she had learned to fuck properly and whether she liked it. Grushenka answered automatically 'yes' to every question. Then Nelidowa gently opened the girl's legs and examined her pussy.

"There was no change to be seen. The little love nest was tender and innocent, as though it had never held big male machines. The lips were perhaps more red, and fuller, but still firmly closed and thin. The Princess opened them and fingered the girl, who quivered under this caress. The Princess moved her more towards her knees, opened her own legs a little and wondered at her own cunt, which was wide open with thick flappy lips. Apparently it was not fucking but the hand of nature which had made the difference between their cunts.

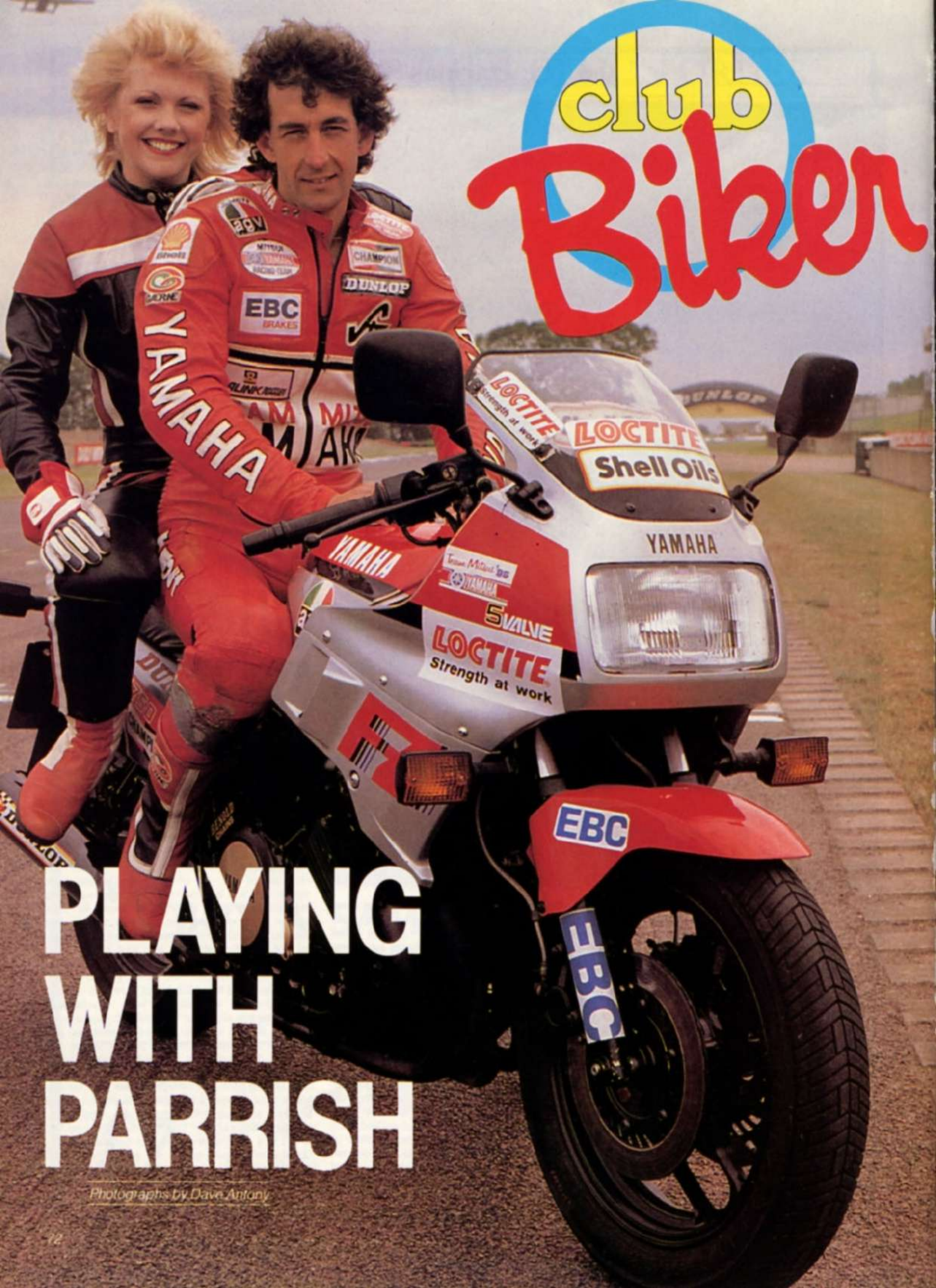
Prepared To Come

"Everything seemed to go well and the Princess was about to send Grushenka to bed again, but in her dissatisfaction with the imperfect loving she had received from her husband, she felt induced to play more with Grushenka's cunt. Her finger started to rub it more insistently. Grushenka leaned closely on the shoulder of her mistress, put one arm around her and with her free hand, caressed Nelidowa's full breasts and nipples. She sighed slightly and prepared to come, wiggling her bottom as well as possible in this sitting position.

"The struggling arse before her eyes did not leave the Princess without feeling. She started to feel rather good, nay she felt keenly that her cunt got hot, and she acted accordingly. She let Grushenka fall to the carpet, then took hold of her head and forced it between her own opened legs. One of her hand-maids, seeing what was going on, rushed behind her mistress, embraced her breasts and coming with her arms from behind, drew her gently back, thus placing her in a position in which to enjoy herself.

"Grushenka did not know what to do. She had, of course, heard that the Princess was sucked off by her bed-maids and she knew that some servant girls were supposed to do the same to each other. Lady's Love was at that time more common than it is today. It was an art practised with great finesse in the harems, and the Russian household was still very much like a harem.

"Grushenka did not know exactly what was expected of her; no one had taught her these things. She was half-suffocated by the passionate pressure with which the Princess forced her face against her open hole. She kissed or tried to kiss the hair around the entrance but kept her tongue in her mouth and only her lips rubbed and brushed over the battlefield. Nelidowa took that as obstinate resistance. She let her go and pushed her away with a firm kick of her bare feet. One of her bed-maids immediately took Grushenka's place (the girl said later she had done so to avert murder, so wild were the eyes of her mistress) and with apt and learned strokes of her tongue she brought the passionate young Princess to fulfilment. She came, groaning and moaning, cursing and mixing into the words tender expressions which were meant for her lover. Finally she closed her eyes and hung exhausted in the arms of the serf girl who held her. The bed-maids carried her to her bed and put her softly between the sheets. Grushenka slipped out of the room, hoping all would be forgotten the next day. She made up her mind to ask one of the girls how to satisfy the mistress in case she again should be called to this duty."



PLAYING WITH PARRISH

Photographs by Dave Antony

As you know, there are some things in life a girl just can't refuse. So when Steve Parrish came on the blower to ask if I fancied playing racers with him at Donington Park circuit, I couldn't say 'yes' quick enough once I'd realized it wasn't a wind-up.

For the record, Steve Parrish, whom I met for the first time at the Isle of Man TT last June, is one of the country's top road racers. In his career, he's been British champion, in the world's top five and a Suzuki teammate of Barry Sheene. He's currently works rider and race co-ordinator for Mitsui, the British Yamaha importers.

He's also – as we say in the trade – a bit of all right, and his autograph is always much in demand from female racegoers.

We arrived at the impressive Donington Park complex to find Steve waiting for us in his giant Mercedes transporter. He'd brought along two FZ750 Yamahas for us to have a blast on – a standard road bike which he used in the TT Production race, and the modified Superstock bike on which he had a fair bit of success last season.

Real Flier

I'd never ridden round Donington before – in fact, I'd never ridden round *any* racetrack before! – so Steve sent me off on a couple of laps to find my way around, and to get used to the fact that the gearchange is back-to-front, ie one up and five down.

Apart from that, the FZ750 is the same as the ones in the shops, and it's a real flier. It only really starts to accelerate once you're past 70mph; Steve reckons it's even quicker than the 150mph Yamaha FJ1100!

That really set me wondering. I mean, Steve makes his living from riding bikes at speeds most other bikers just talk about in the pub, so does he ever worry about coming a cropper at high speed?

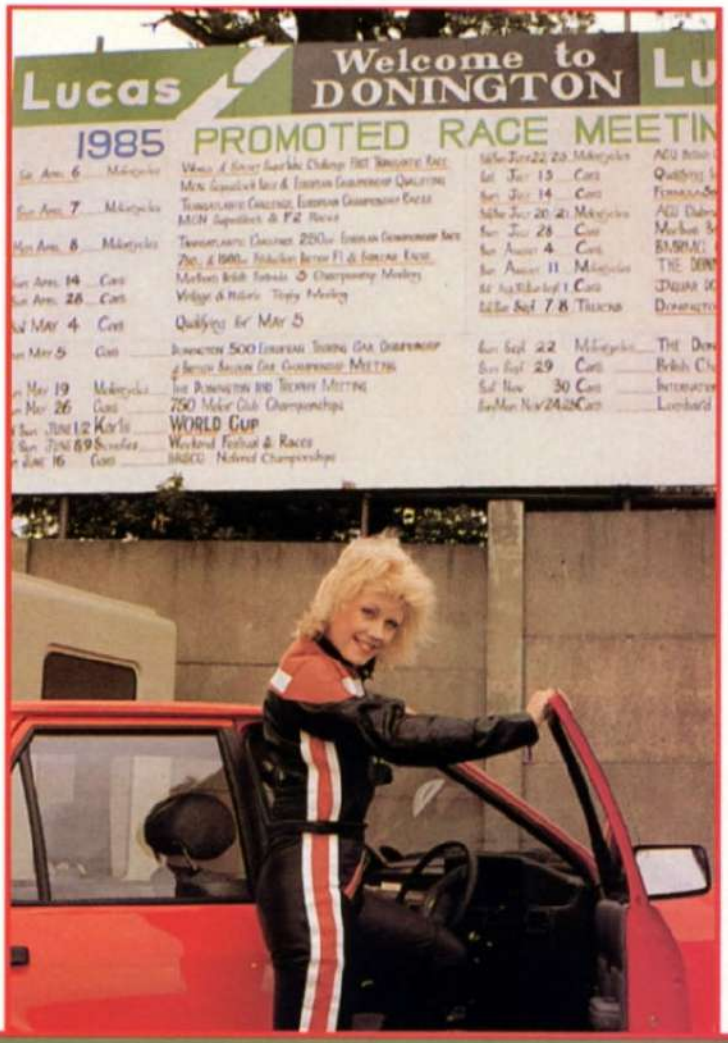
'Well, I've fallen off lots of times. But, you know, speed doesn't determine how badly you hurt yourself. *Speed* isn't painful; it's what you actually hit. I once fell off at 130mph and bruised my elbows.

'The worst injury I've ever had was when I broke my ankle in 14 places . . . and I wasn't even moving! As I lined up for a race, a guy behind me on the grid jumped the start and smashed into me. I was lying on the track in agony, shouting: "You bastard!".'

So when Steve and I lined up on the Donington grid, I had a quick glance over my shoulder just to check for potential start-jumpers (well, it's always best to be on the safe side, don't you think?).

The flag dropped and we were off. I couldn't help but think back to my TT ride when I had to retire because of a broken knicker elastic, but there was no chance of a repeat performance this time: I wasn't wearing any. I didn't tell Steve that, though – I didn't want to upset his concentration.

Not that it would have made any difference, mind you – this guy knows how to make a bike



go bloody fast! I like going quickly, too, but it's only by riding around a circuit that you realize the pro road racers are a breed apart: it takes lots of guts. I'm quite happy to stand behind the fence and leave Steve and his fellow speed merchants to it.

But I really enjoyed my blast around Donington on the FZ. It's an ideal bike for the track – indecently fast (it churns out 102bhp), light, super handling and demon brakes. It features a radical four-stroke engine with five valves per cylinder – more than any other production bike. The Superstock bike is only slightly different – Superstock rules permit few alterations, as the whole idea behind the series is to let the punters watch the big names race bikes like the ones they can ride on the road.

And when Steve Parrish takes to the street, his fame follows him. 'I don't ride a bike on the road very often, but I was bombing down the A1 from my home in Hertfordshire on my way to Yamaha when these coppers pulled me up. They recognized me, and said: "You're not on a racetrack now, you know; we're going to have to book you".

'When I arrived at Yamaha, there was a letter from the Hertfordshire police asking me to attend their open day!'

It's not surprising that Steve can see the funny side of that little incident, as he's very much the joker in the pack at race meetings. If someone's the victim of a practical joke, chief suspect is always Mr Parrish.

Nickname

Everyone in racing knows Steve Parrish as 'Stavros'. Even he uses it on the 'phone, to avoid confusion with the hundreds of other Steves on the go! But how did the name come about?

'Well, it's a nickname I acquired from Barry Sheene. When I was younger, I was really fat with curly hair and I looked like the fat detective on *Kojak*,' is the official explanation.

Really fat? Who's he trying to kid? Sorry, Steve – I'll need to see the pictures myself before I believe that one . . .

Steve – oh, all right then,

Stavros – is one of the few top-name riders who love the TT. But he has some harsh words for the organizers following his disqualification from the Formula One race in June, after he'd finished third – his highest-ever TT placing. The alleged offence was having an oversize fuel tank. Steve pleads his innocence – with some justification, but we won't go into that here.

'The TT is a major challenge, and I enjoy it, but it's run by a bunch of bureaucratic idiots. I don't know whether I'll go back or not.' Well, let's just hope he does; the TT needs all the help it can get.

Mind you, Steve doesn't *need* the TT: he's one of the few in this country who make a good living out of what is a high-cost business. Like, if he didn't have sponsorship from Mitsui, it would cost him more than £100,000 a year just to transport the bikes to the various circuits around the world.

Well, my few laps of Donington haven't brought any offers of a place in a works team for next season – yet – so I'll be back next month. See you then!

Dawn Beaven

Our thanks to Steve Parrish and the management of Donington Park for their assistance. Dawn's two-piece leather suit, Ray boots and GV gloves come from Rivetts of London Ltd, 234/6/8 High Road, Leytonstone, London E11.

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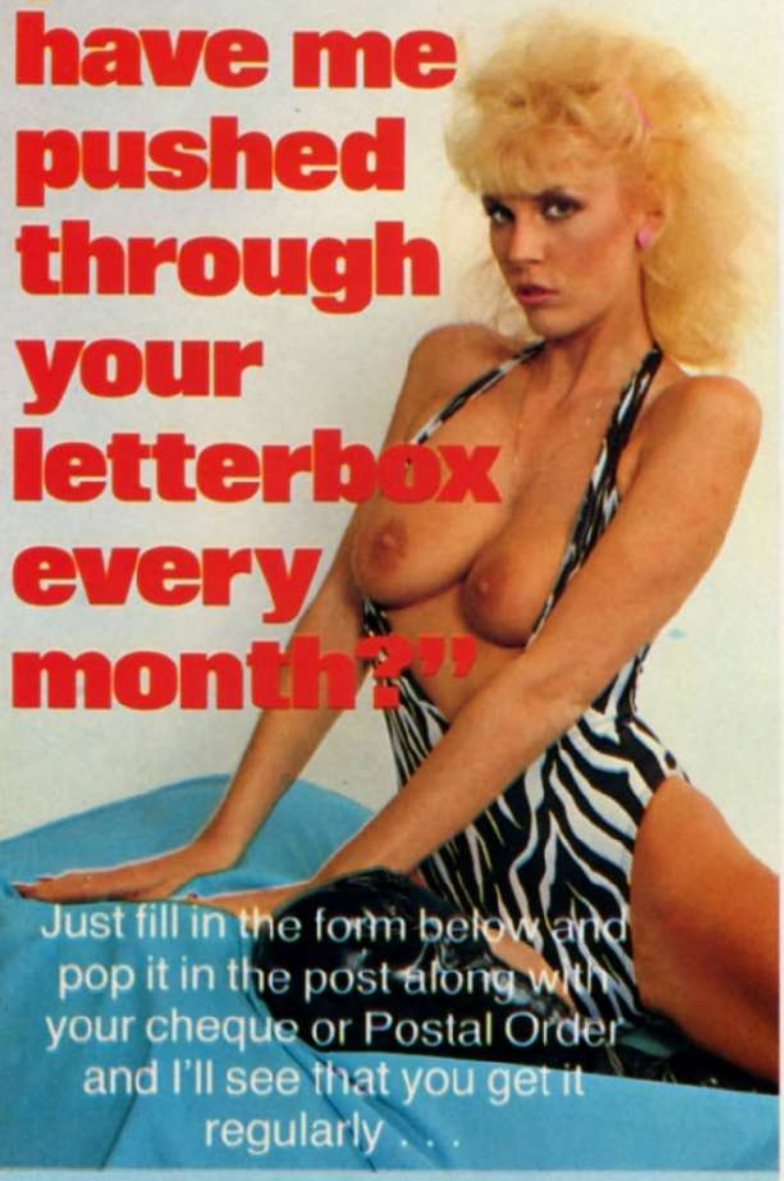

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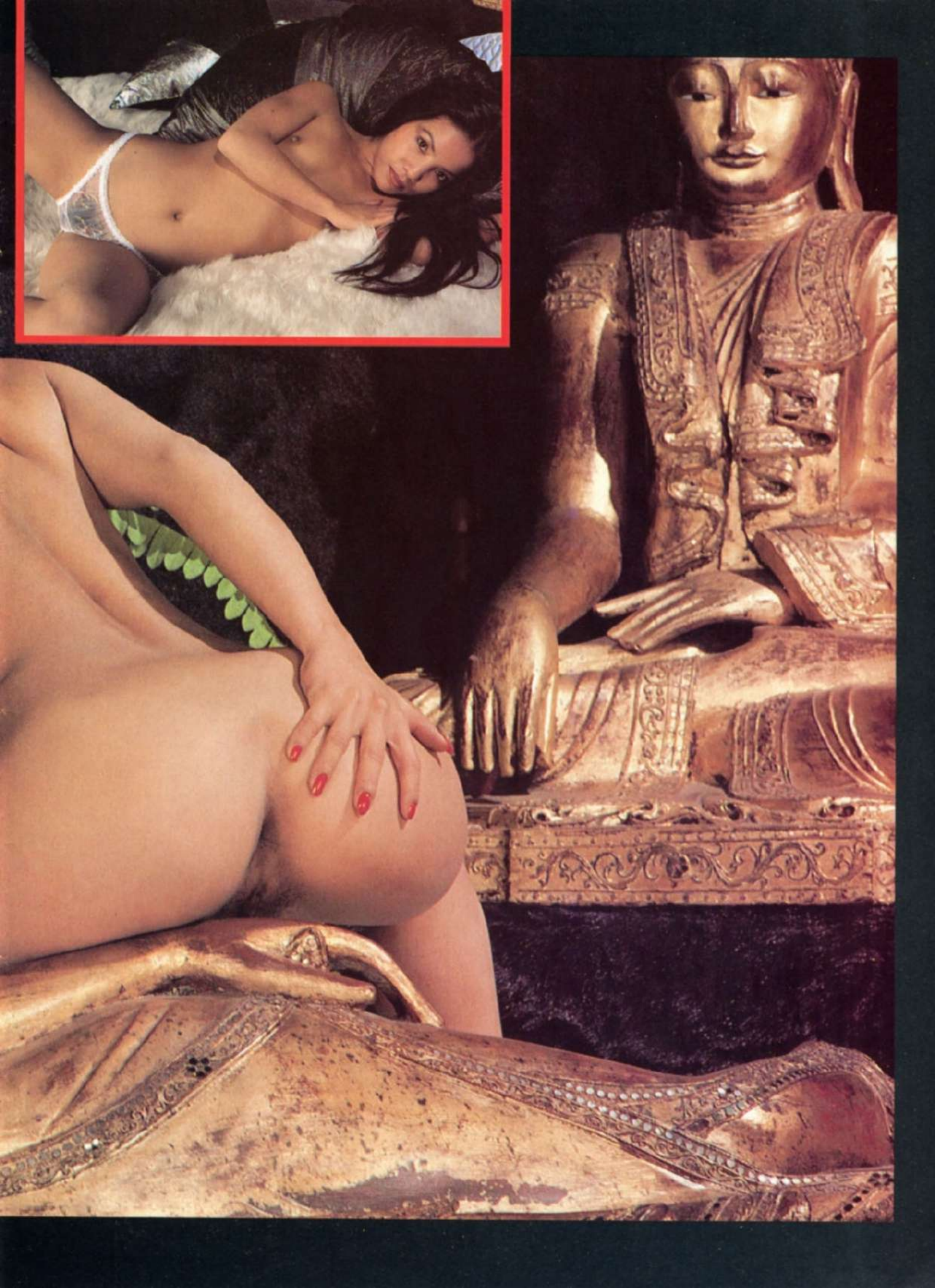
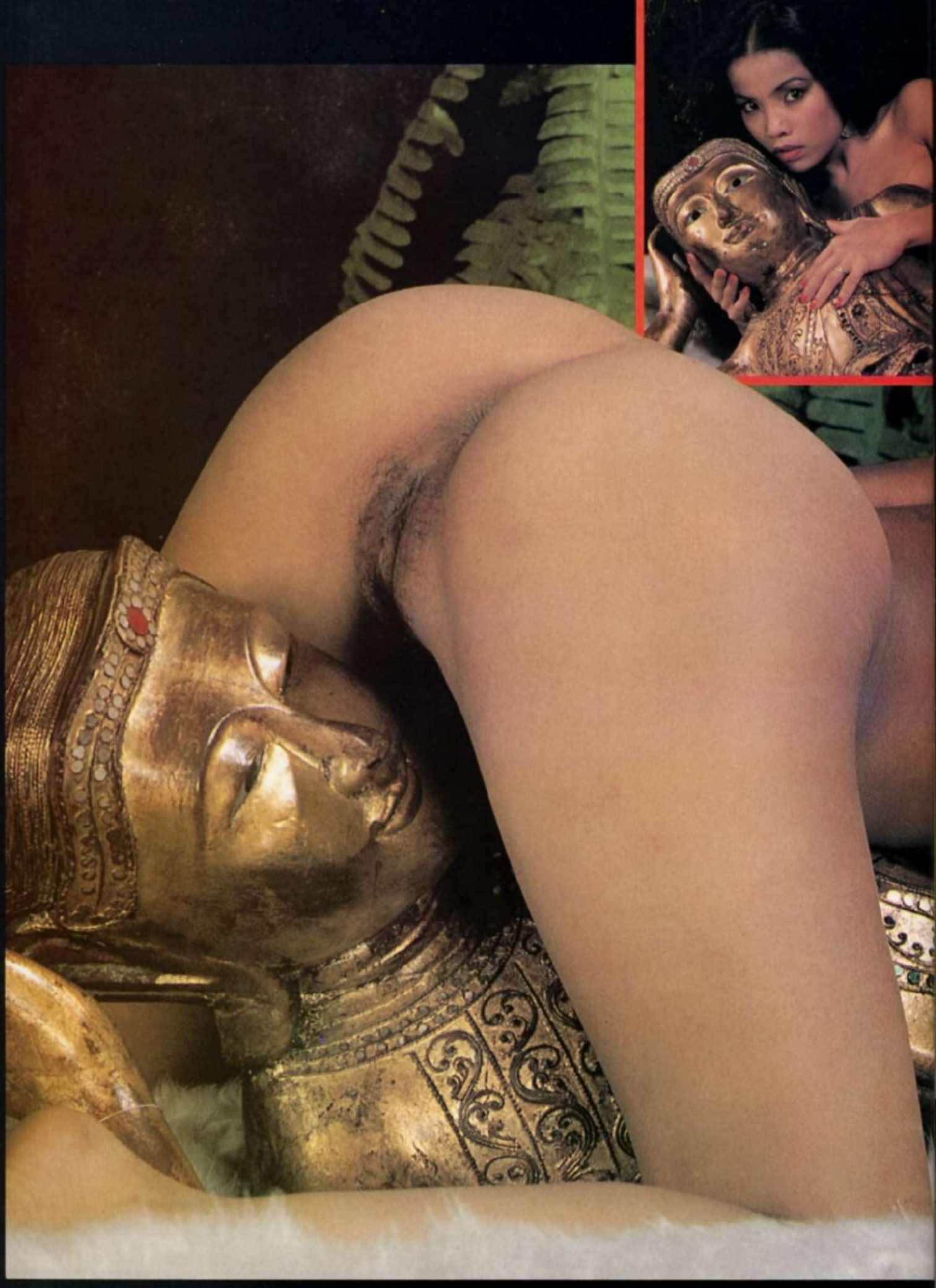




WOMEN'S Writes

Our women readers reveal their indiscretions and get their sexy secrets off their chests.

In a mood of revenge, Ali takes a taxi and gives the driver a fare that's more than fair . . .

I suddenly felt a wet, pulsating sensation in my panties

My boyfriend, Ricky, and I got separated earlier on at the noisy party we went to the other week. Not that it mattered; we liked to do some casual cruising of our own whenever we went to these big affairs. But we never got up to anything much and always gravitated back to each other by the end of the evening.

I'd just spent half-an-hour chatting to this gorgeous hunk, when his bird had suddenly appeared from nowhere! Feeling a bit pissed off, I went looking for Ricky. And I found him, in the bedroom, hidden under a huge pile of coats and in the arms of some blonde bit I'd seen him talking to when we'd first arrived.

I dunno who was more surprised as I let out a 'Ricky!' scream and the pair of them stopped in mid-fuck! Her dress was up around her armpits and his trousers were around his ankles. With a final 'You bastard!' I stormed out of the bedroom, slamming the door really hard.

I was furious. We had an unwritten rule that it was okay to flirt a bit but fucking around was a no-no. Now I'd caught him red-handed. Feeling more angry than hurt, I hurriedly left the house and made my way to the High Street. Now I was stuck without transport and would have to get a mini-cab home. That'd set me back at least six quid.

They had a cab office just on the corner and I walked in, demanding a taxi immediately – it was the drink talking mostly. The controller looked quite put out, then he signalled with his head to a guy in the back office.

'Tom, this one's for you!' I followed his gaze and took stock. Tom was a very lean, tall guy, with not an ounce of spare flesh on him. He was dressed in jeans and a baggy, leather jacket. As Tom led me towards his car parked outside, I was able to gaze at his bum.

It wasn't the firm, rounded buttocks I usually went for, but the rest of him more than made up for it. I wondered what he'd look like naked. It was at this precise point I decided I'd pay Ricky back.

I didn't go into the back of the car as you usually do with cabs. Instead, I shifted some papers from the front passenger seat and plonked myself down next to the driver.

'Right: where to, Miss?' he asked, fixing me with a long stare.

'Hampstead Heath, please,' I replied, at the same time muttering about the stuffy car. This gave me the excuse to undo the buttons of my coat – revealing my leather mini skirt, which had ridden up very high because I was seated.

As we drove, I began a conversation with him – nothing too exacting, though; we just talked about the weather and then I explained I'd just been to a party. Next thing you know, I was telling him all about Ricky and the blonde. Funny how you can tell complete strangers the most intimate details about yourself and yet cringe with embarrassment when confiding with friends.

I fumbled in my bag for a ciggie and offered one to Tom. He nodded yes, and so I added quickly: 'I'll light it for you. You need both hands for the wheel.'

I waited till the cab stopped at a red light then made a big play of passing the cigarette to Tom's lips – only my fingers slipped and it fell into his lap! 'Oops,' I giggled, giving me the excuse to fumble in the region of his prick, as I retrieved the lighted fag.

Hardening

'I hope that hasn't burnt a hole in your trousers,' I added, and began using my fingers to check out any damage to his jeans, in the region of his manhood, of course. My fingers felt a hardening of his prick and I tried to fumble with his flies to undo them, only his jeans were too tight.

'Why don't you wait about ten minutes until I've stopped driving?' Tom finally said, grinning at my inept attempt to free his penis.

'I don't know if I can wait that long,' I wailed, suddenly feeling a wet, pulsating sensation in my panties. At this point, Tom burst out laughing.

'Don't worry, I'll give you a helping hand.' And then he took his left hand off the wheel and used it to bring my skirt up to my waist. I was wearing crutchless tights and minute briefs, so he was able to worm his fingers around them to my clit. Very gently, he felt around my fanny and my fingers guided him to my own special spot.

'Just there, please,' I whispered. And as he began his gentle, round and round feel of it, I found myself breathless with excitement.

He fondled and caressed my labia and I could only make grunting noises as my juices flowed and the throbbing ham-

mered into my very soul. Panting like mad, I finally gave one almighty scream. Next thing, I lay back in my seat, breathless.

'Not long to go,' Tom told me, as I fought to regain my composure. I finally took a look at my surroundings. We were at the Heath. Tom pulled the cab into one of the dark car parks on the edge of the Heath. The only thing now that lit the outside were reflections of the moon on the pond we'd parked next to and the occasional twinkle of a light from one of the big houses far off.

Tom brought the back seat down, so the estate car opened up flat at the back. Then he even spread his car rug over the cold steel. I watched in fascination as he then began to undress. I could just about make out his outline in the darkness. Having it off in the back of parked cars was nothing new to me but having the bloke completely naked was. I was right: Tom looked fantastic without his clothes on. He was lean and didn't have a single hair on his chest. When he finally threw off his underpants, I gasped in surprise. His cock was slim but very, very long.

He manhandled me on to my back. I'd taken off my coat, tights and knickers by now, but I kept my mini on. Tom slid it upwards out of the way and bent to lick my pussy. 'Don't take off that leather skirt,' he murmured. 'It turns me on.'

I raised my head to envelop his hard-on into my mouth. It felt smooth and velvety and stiff as iron. As I concentrated on teasing Tom's glans, he was busy eating my breasts. My nipples were hard and darkly-coloured. I transferred my tongue and began licking his balls, while my hands played with his long prick.

Then I turned around and used my hands to plunge his big cock into my quim. He began ramming me in a fierce up-and-down motion and I captured his mouth with my teeth and sucked his tongue to the back of my throat.

Writhing Mass

We were a writhing mass of frantic, heaving bodies. Tom turned me over so I could ride him. I pushed my fanny hard down into his pubic hair. He was so long, I felt as if he was reaching up into my very soul.

My mouth went to his chest and I dribbled my tongue down his length, rubbing my breast tightly against him as I travelled down. Our churning rhythm was getting faster and faster. Finally, I heard him moan and felt his love cream, hot and thick, shooting into me.

But I kept up our grinding, pushing my cunt harder and harder against him until finally I came.

We untangled our bodies and fell back on the rug, panting heavily. 'How much do I owe you?' I managed to gasp out.

'What? You pay blokes normally?' Tom sounded really surprised.

'No, the cab fare,' I giggled.

'Oh, it's on the house,' he said.

It wasn't till later, when he dropped me back at my flat, that I realized I was probably the cheapest prostitute Tom had ever had! Still, what the hell, I'd had the best fucking session in a long time.

Ali, London

Ann's dilemma is having to choose between giving her attention to her new boyfriend, or another pressing engagement . . .

Last Saturday I had my first date with a new boyfriend. We went to the cinema and then he suggested a drive – and I know what I hoped that would lead to!

In the cinema he had been quite shy, and although I had snuggled up to him suggestively, all he had done was put his arm round me, even though I had pressed my size 38 breasts against his chest, hoping that he would at least give them a feel. Still, maybe he really *did* want to see the film . . .

Anyway, my spirits rose considerably when he suggested this trip through town to where the countryside begins. I was feeling quite nervous with him, partly because I felt out of my depth. Most boyfriends I'd had had tried to touch me up almost straight away, and I'd quite often had sex on a first date. I don't feel there is anything wrong with this, if it is a mutual desire, and I've never been dumped afterwards; the boys have always come back for more. But, unbeknown to me, this night I was to experience something I had never encountered before.

Not long after we had begun driving away from the cinema, I needed to go to the toilet. It was partly nerves, and partly because I had wanted to go a bit during the film, but hadn't realized how bad my need was. But now I was wriggling in my seat and pressing my thighs together and wondering how to tell him. I felt quite embarrassed, especially as it meant he would have to cruise around and look for a convenient bush or wall.

Every time the car went over a bump, it was agony, and I found myself pressing my handbag hard into my lap and grinding my clitty against it in an effort to press back my pee and quell the urgency.

Hot Sweat

Several times in my desperation I nearly called out to him to stop the car, but I really did feel too ashamed. It was like being six years old all over again.

Eventually, just when I was coming out in a hot sweat and thinking I was going to die in agony, he put on the brakes. The sense of release, of knowing I could just open the door, get out and go, was so great that I relaxed a bit too much and, to my horror, felt a little gush of pee soak the crotch of my knickers. In horror, I fumbled with the seat belt and was about to make a dash when Pete's arms went round me and his mouth closed hard on to mine.

'Oh no!' I thought; whatever was I going to do? If I got up and left the car now, he'd be insulted, think I didn't fancy him. I would just have to hang on a bit longer. But what would I do when he found my wet knickers?

The trouble was, once he lifted up my jumper and began sucking my titties, I started to get really turned on and this was a double agony. Somehow, wanting to pee *and* being turned on made me feel even *more* turned on. And that made my bladder muscles, like my cunt muscles, yearn to give way.

I wriggled against Pete and squirmed in his arms, feeling his cock pressing large and hard against my thigh. It was like an iron bar and I was dying for him to insert it in my pussy, but it just wasn't possible in my condition.

Pressed Hard

Then, inevitably, his hand slipped between my thighs. 'Gosh, you're really wet down there,' he said huskily, obviously thinking it was all love juice. I pressed down hard against his hand and jammed my swollen clitty against it. I was almost using his hand as a cork by now! I had to go soon, I just had to, or else there'd be an accident – and yet I so desperately needed to get fucked, too. I had never been in such a dilemma.

Pete groaned my name and pushed two fingers inside my red hot, dripping wet cunt.

This won't cure your insomnia, but it will make staying awake much more enjoyable

WOMEN'S Writes

I was afraid of what might happen if I let myself go

Desperately, I tightened all my muscles, gripping his fingers hard to stop them jogging my bursting bladder. I found myself playing with my own nipples, squeezing them as hard as I could till they stood out like half-inch long thimbles, as this pleasurable pain helped distract me from my predicament.

Of course, Pete saw me doing this and it really turned him on. He reached for his fly, unzipped it and pulled out the biggest, hardest, most rampant cock I had ever seen. I groaned, wriggling even harder in my seat. Oh God, I thought; I had to go . . . I *had* to. But I'd seen Pete's cock now, seen what he had to offer. I'd just make him come first, I decided, and then he would understand if I slipped off for a few seconds . . .

I jammed one fist hard between my legs, holding myself like a child does, and took Pete's rock-hard tool in the other. It was massive – at least nine-and-a-half inches, maybe ten, and thick with it. I began to manipulate it with my fingers. He was circumcized and I rubbed him light and fast, up and down. But suddenly, he put his hand on mine and stopped me. 'I don't want to come yet, I want to save it. Let's give you an orgasm first,' he said, and I had to remove the hand I had between my legs and let him replace it with his own.

Naughty Girl

'You've been wanking yourself, you naughty girl. I saw you,' he said, and I was too ashamed to tell him he was wrong. I lay tensely in my seat and dug my fingernails into the back of my hand to try and control myself, while Pete's fingers went to work, moving round and round on the hard button of my clit and sliding in and out of my love tunnel.

I could feel myself coming, but I desperately hung on to it because I was so afraid of what might happen if I relaxed and let myself go in an orgasm. But Pete was a real expert at masturbation and he obviously thought I was one of those women who is slow to climax, because he started trying every trick in the book. He sucked on one of my nipples and teased it with his teeth, making me arch my back and cry out with pleasure, then, keeping his thumb knuckle pressed against my clitty, he inserted an extra finger into my vagina and squeezed my whole mound, both inside and out.

That sparked off an orgasm that was absolutely uncontrollable. I cried out and pressed my whole cunt against his hand and arm, which I was suddenly aware was feeling hot and wet. In my orgasmic ecstasy, I hadn't been aware of my pee starting, but now it was gushing out of me. I tried to hold it back, but strong, hot squirts kept escaping into his hand.

Then I buried my head against his shoulder, sobbing with embarrassment and mumbling how sorry I was. To my amazement, Pete said not to worry: it was one of the most fantastic things that had happened to him and he could soon clean the car up. I myself was dripping, my skirt drenched, and it had gone all over him, too. But he didn't seem to care, for, within seconds of my apologizing, he rammed that cock I had been dying for right up me and climaxed almost immediately. *Ann, Dunfermline*

A visit to the local library proves to be even more enlightening than normal for Mrs G . . .

I am 53 and I'd always thought of myself as a respectable married woman, completely faithful to my husband, Tom. I don't know if your readers are interested in hearing about something which happened to someone as old as me, but I thought I'd tell you nevertheless; partly to get it off my chest, and partly because reading about it in print will turn me on all over again, I'm sure.

It all started with a slight misadventure I had in the public library. I never wear stockings or tights during the summer, just panties – well, I favour French knickers, actually. I've liked them ever since I was a girl, as they are so cool and comfortable and they made for easy access in my courting days.

I was standing by a shelf, looking through the biographies of famous people, when suddenly I felt something give around my waist; it was my knicker elastic. With no leg elastic to keep them in place, my panties started to slide slowly down my legs. Soon, I knew they would be visible beneath the hem of my skirt.

I was in a real panic, my hands all clammy with fright. I knew I would never make the ladies' in time before they slipped to my ankles, so there was only one thing I could do. Taking a quick look round and seeing nobody in the vicinity, I stepped quickly out of the flesh-pink satin knickers and popped them into my handbag.

You know that feeling you get when someone's watching you – that prickle up the back of your neck? Well, I got it right then. Yet the funny thing was that I still couldn't see anybody about. I turned to the bookshelves again, blushing – and as I bent down to reach a book off a low shelf, my eyes looked directly into the blue ones of a very red-faced middle-aged gentleman.

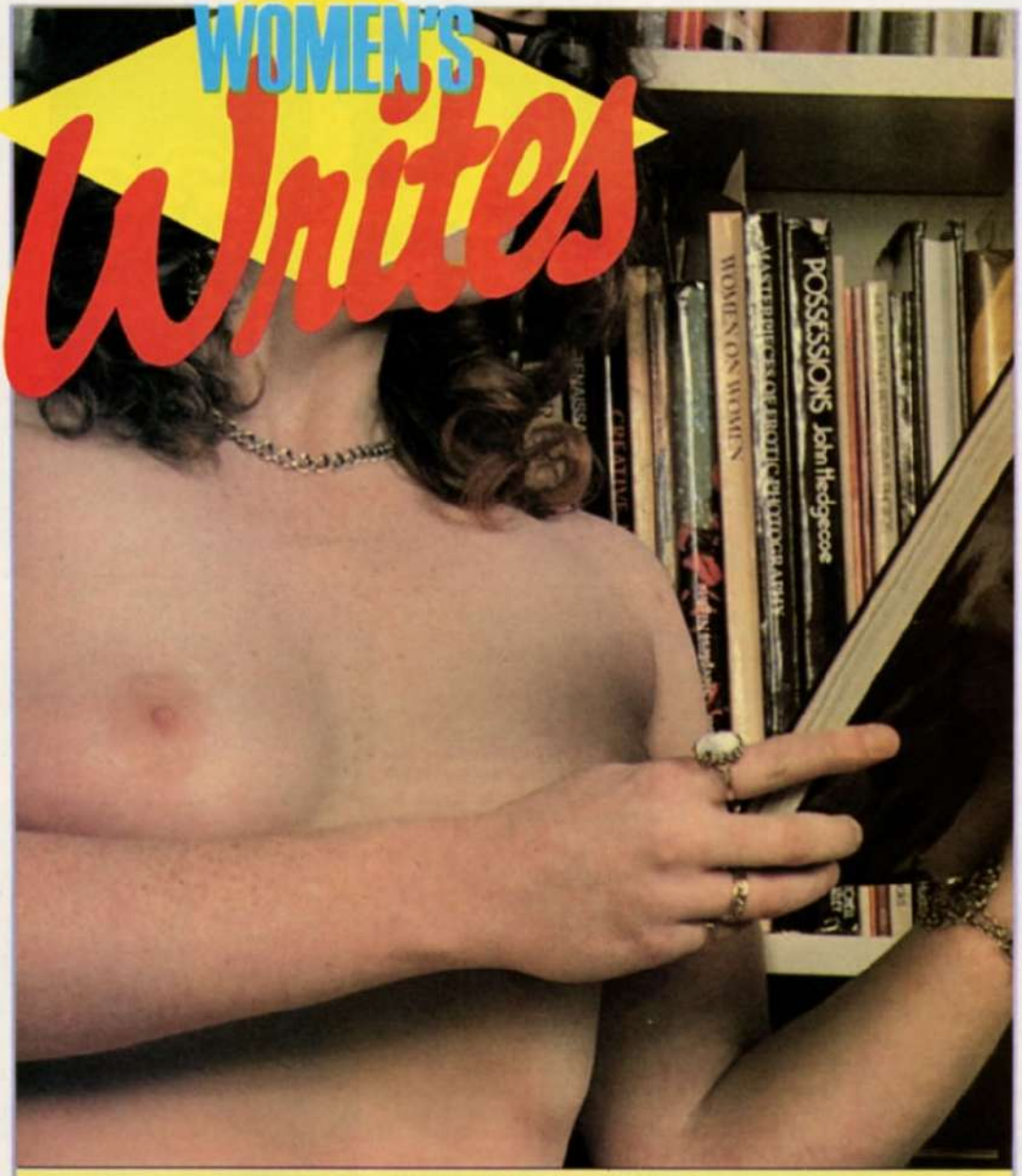
Hectic Flush

He had obviously witnessed the whole scene and, judging by his hectic flush, had enjoyed it, too. My hands began to shake and I rapidly replaced the book and walked out of the library empty-handed. The library was in a park and as I was in no hurry, I went into the Chinese Gardens and sat on a bench looking at the ducks on the stream.

Hearing footsteps coming towards me, I looked up . . . and there was the man who had watched me through the shelves! He was tall, with a military bearing and a small beard. He really was quite handsome, the sort of man I would definitely have been attracted to if I hadn't been married to Tom.

'Mind if I sit down?' he asked gruffly, and settled himself on the end of my bench. He began edging towards me and I knew

WOMEN'S Writes



I was looking through the biographies when I suddenly felt something give

I should have fled but I was rooted to the spot. My heart was palpitating with excitement. No one had tried to pick me up for years!

I am a well-built woman and it was a very warm day, so my blouse was open right to my cleavage and I could feel his hot gaze on the division of my breasts. I couldn't help myself: my eyes insisted on straying to his trousers, and, sure enough, the symptom I almost feared to find there was swelling mountainously. I became very aware that I wasn't wearing panties. My skirt had ridden up and I could feel the wooden slats of the bench against my bare behind, and the summer breeze teasing my unexpectedly naked parts.

We fell into some kind of banal conversation – I don't think either of us were concentrating on what we were saying. I knew something was going to happen, but I wasn't sure quite what. Then, suddenly, he buried his face against my breasts and began to nuzzle them, his bristly beard tickling my skin. He placed one hand inside my blouse and skilfully slid it into my bra, finding my nipple and squeezing it.

Excitement

Then, as if aware of having committed an awful breach of propriety, he suddenly drew back and began to mumble an apology. But my heart was hammering with excitement and I was embarrassed to feel a slippery wet patch forming between my legs, something that hadn't happened for a very long time – poor, dear Tom isn't up to much these days. Suddenly, I desperately wanted to be satisfied, but this was far too public a place.

It was very bold of me, but I stretched my hand out and grasped his thigh through his corduroy trousers and he smiled at me. He followed suit, placing his hand on my leg, then edging it up under my skirt, up my bare leg and round to my inner thigh. I was trembling with excitement. His fingers brushed my pubic hair and I thought I was going to faint. Then his warm hand grasped my whole love mound and squeezed gently, before curling his fingers and inserting them into my swollen slit.

I felt like an 18-year-old again. It was like wanting your first boy. But where could we do it? I glanced round desperately and noticed a thick patch of bushes near a high wall. He followed the direction of my glance. We checked that nobody was watching, then shakily I followed him, pushing our way through the thick foliage.

He wasted no time; he pushed me up against the wall and fumbled with his fly.

'Let me,' I begged. I held his waistband with one hand and pulled down his zipper with the other. His eyes were closed and he moaned softly as I found his cock, which was fat and hard and trapped down one leg of his trousers, and pulled it out. Its head was big and shiny-purple and I was fascinated, having only seen Tom's inactive specimen for so long. It quivered in my palm like a live animal and I tentatively stroked it, then squeezed it just below the head.

New Toy

But before I could enjoy playing with my new toy, he took it from me and, hoisting my skirt up with one hand, stabbed his prick up towards my cunt. It didn't go in first time, so I grasped it and guided it towards my hole, which was aching to be fucked by now. I gasped as I felt his strong rod butting its way in. My back arched and my buttocks banged rhythmically against the brick wall as this stranger rammed me again and again. I felt his big, cool, hairy balls slapping against my mound and my clit and I reached round and grasped them and began to give them a series of little squeezes. This made him shudder and groan, and within seconds he was pumping strong squirts of hot, thick semen into my thirsty cunt.

We clung to each other for a few seconds, still shaking. 'Can

Trickling

I see you again next week, same time?' he asked, and I nodded eagerly.

Having no knickers to wear, I felt his come trickling slowly down my inner thighs all the way home. It was an extraordinarily sexy experience. When I got home, I was in such a good mood that Tom got frisky and offered to give me oral satisfaction, but I had to decline, as I couldn't risk him tasting come on his tongue. Not when it wasn't his! Now I'm looking forward to a series of exciting, regular fucks in the park – and no one will realize that, on my frequent trips to the library, I won't have any knickers – not even in my handbag.

Mrs G, South Yorkshire

READERS WRITES

continued from page 6

On Friday, I arrived at the office at about five o'clock. There were two women getting ready to leave as I waited for Stacy. Minutes later, she and I were the only ones left. While I was setting up a few lights, she went to change.

For the next hour-and-a-half, I took pictures of Stacy as she posed. At the beginning of the session, she wore a peach-coloured skirt with a white blouse.

As time passed, though, she took her clothes off little by little, so that, at the end, she was wearing only a lacy beige suspender belt, suntan-coloured stockings and the ubiquitous black high-heeled shoes. It was obvious how much Stacy enjoyed posing.

I took a lot of close-up pictures of her beautiful pussy, using Eleanor's pictures to help me. I took seven rolls of pictures.

After the photo session, Stacy got dressed. The way she was feeling, she said she wanted to do something else 'risqué' to please me, so she didn't wear her lacy D-cup bra under her blouse, and wore only her stockings and suspenders under her skirt. I was really turned-on during the 30-minute drive back to her place. Once inside, I carried Stacy to her bed, where we made love for hours.

Since then, she has taken up part-time modelling, and, with my assistance, she's built up a nice portfolio to show off. She mostly models lingerie, but she has lately modelled nude for two amateur photographers.

Stacy and I love your magazine. Keep up the good work.

Jim, New York

Top Ten Corner

1 Sue Lawley (newsreader)
2 Princess Diana
3 Jacqueline Bucknell (The Price Is Right)
4 Kim Wilde (pop singer)
5 Debbie Magee (Paul Daniels show)
6 Lulu (singer)
7 Morgan Brittany (actress)
8 Maggie Philbin (Tomorrow's World)
9 Selina Scott (TV presenter)
10 Anne Diamond (TV presenter)

SJ, Newcastle

Karate Kate

I've been going to karate classes for about two years now, and always keep my gi (that's what we call a karate suit) draped over a radiator in my bedroom. And after what happened a few weeks ago, I'm glad I do!

I'd been going out with Kate for a month or so before I eventually got my wicked way and enticed her into my room for our first fuck. Jolly good it was, too; Kate's quite short, but has a lovely-shaped body and a pair of tits that are just pleasantly on the big side – exactly how I like them. Aged 25, she's also had a string of boyfriends before me, and knows a thing or two about how to give a bloke a good time.

Anyway, after that first session, she stayed the night. She got up in the morning to go to the bathroom, and it just so happened my karate suit was the nearest article of clothing for her to slip on.

When she came back from the bathroom, she started to clown around, pretending she was in the middle of a karate fight. Well, I kid you not – I have *never* seen a more sexy sight in all my life.

Although the suit was just a bit on the big side for her, she looked so horny it was untrue. The top part was tied very loosely around her, and her cleavage was clearly visible. And she hadn't tied the trousers very tightly either, meaning they slipped down a bit further every time she kicked the air. Eventually, they dropped down around her ankles.

I'd been sitting up in bed watching this display, and I felt like I could come without so much as touching my erect cock. I asked Kate to come back to bed, so she took off the top half of the suit, stepped out of the trousers, and climbed in. I sidled up to her naked body.

I think she was surprised at the size of my hard-on, because she went to feel it as soon as she felt it touching against her. And I was so primed, she only needed to rub it two or three times before I came like a madman.

'I hope you realize it was seeing you in my gi that made me go like that,' I told her. 'It made you look even more sexy than usual.' Her response was to give me a great big smacker on the lips, and say: 'Well, I'll just have to wear it more often, then.' We both fell asleep again. When I woke up with the horn, I knew exactly what I was going to do with it.

Kate was still asleep, so – selfish bugger that I am – I set about waking her up by planting kisses on her neck and tickling her little round bum.

When she came to, the first thing she did was to feel my cock, and say: 'I might have guessed.' I climbed over her, reached down by the side of the bed, and picked up the karate suit. I asked Kate to put it on, and she agreed.

This time, I made sure she had it on properly, although I positioned the top half so that her titties could still be got at easily. She climbed on top of the bed and straddled me. I could see right inside the loose-fitting suit at her swinging boobs.

Still lying on my back, I slid further down the bed until my face was right under her crotch. I grabbed hold of her bum and pulled her down so that the damp crotch of her trousers was right against my face. The smell of sex was everywhere.

Kate pushed herself free and moved back a couple of feet so that she was sitting at the bottom of the bed, facing me. We were both on the outside of the bed by this time.

I wondered what was coming next, and I didn't have to wait long to find out. She took one look at my prick, which was standing up like a fucking great lighthouse, and started rubbing it and my balls with the soles of her bare feet. This was so ecstatic, I could have had a mind-blowing orgasm there and then. But I didn't want a repeat of last time; I wanted to empty out inside her.

I carried on letting her caress my cock with her feet until the last possible moment, then lunged at her and undid the trousers. I yanked them off and plunged my face into her soaking wet fanny. As she always does when I go down on her, she guided me to her clitoris using her finger, and I nibbled on it. She began to writhe about all over the place, and I soon had warm love juice dribbling down my chin.

Now it was my turn. With Kate lying on her back, I slipped my length into her well-lubricated hole and pushed it in to the hilt. I parted the top half of the gi so her tits were exposed, and started to knead them as I pumped up and down. The look of animal lust on Kate's face was the last straw, and I had a shuddering climax that seemed to go on for ever.

I know karate is supposed to be good for you, but I'd never thought it could be *that* good.

Angus, Edinburgh

Club International (UK) - Volume 15 Number 1, 1986

club Chance would be a fine thing!

Taking her *Club Chance* in some style this month is Anita, a nurse from Denham in Buckinghamshire. 'And don't,' she told us somewhat forcefully, 'put anything in your copy like: "And you know what they say about nurses"!'

Well, we don't need to now, do we?

Anita, an erstwhile model, is fulfilling a long-held ambition by posing for Club. She's already appeared in a lesser magazine, but this was the big one.

'I really had the butterflies standing on the platform at Denham Golf Club waiting for the train to take me to London. But once the session started, I felt great. And I'd almost forgotten just how tiring this modelling business can be – I was well bushed at the end of the day.'

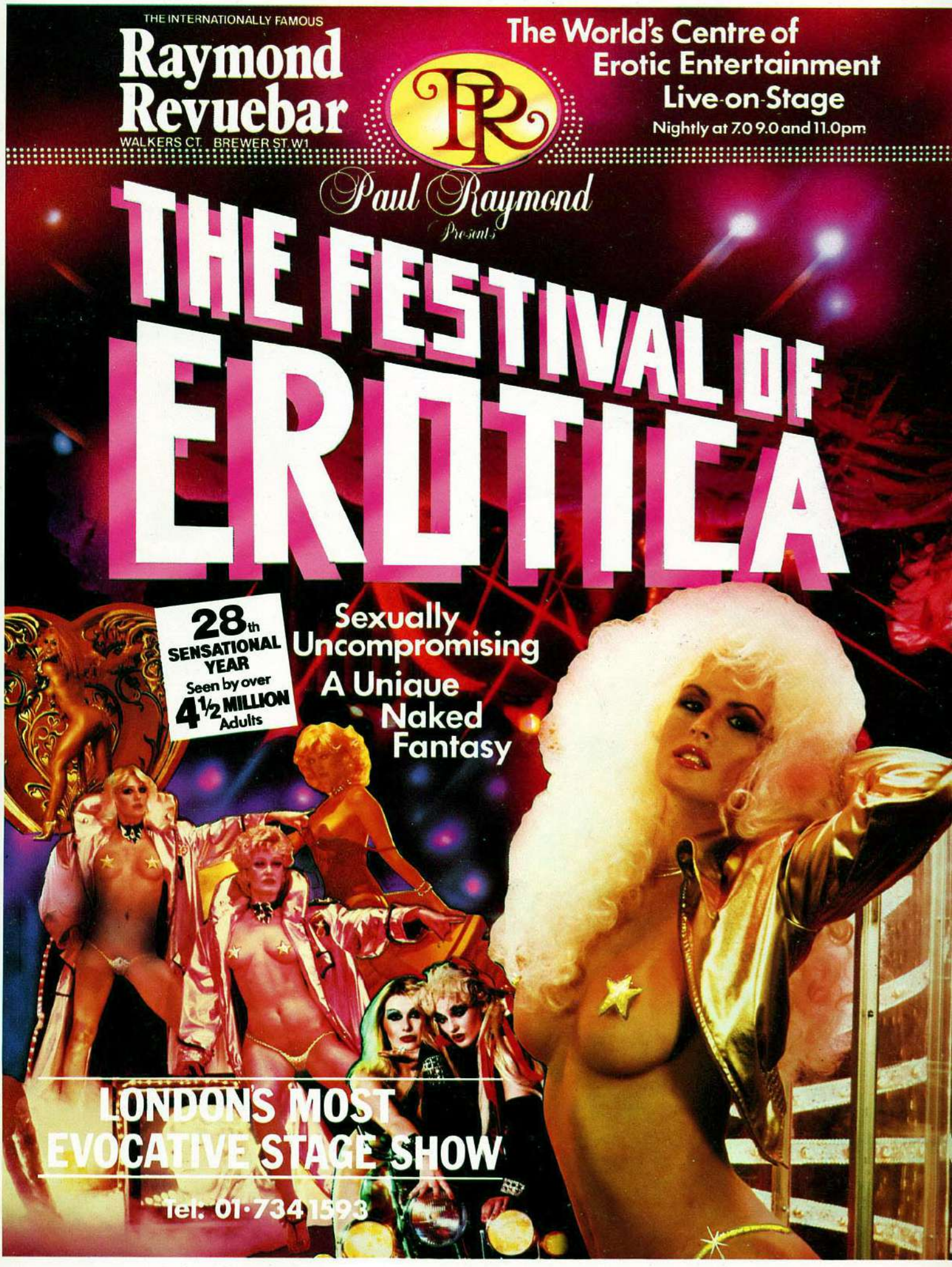
But it was all worth it then?

'Are you kidding? I don't think I want to do anything else now. I'm really grateful to Club.'

All part of the service, Anita.

Photographs by Dave

UNDERGROUND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